

THE REVOLUTIONARY SERVICES OF
JOHN GREENWOOD

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d. Nov. 16, 1819

Wm. Gist
b. Dec. 24, 1762
d. Mar. 8, 1764
d. ?
d. Feb. 15, 1810
d. May 10, 1851

Mary - Geo. Gay
b. May 27, 1769
d. Nov. 6, 1839
George Henry
Joy
b. May , 1804
d. June 28, 1840

MRS. JOSEPH RUDD GREENWOOD
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THE REVOLUTIONARY
SERVICES OF
JOHN GREENWOOD
OF BOSTON AND NEW YORK
1775-1783



John Greenwood

THE REVOLUTIONARY
SERVICES OF
JOHN GREENWOOD
OF BOSTON AND NEW YORK
1775-1783

Edited from the Original Manuscript

WITH NOTES BY HIS GRANDSON
ISAAC J. GREENWOOD



NEW YORK
1922

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NOTE

THIS record of the Revolutionary services of John Green-
wood, of which his grandson, Isaac John Greenwood, is
the editor and annotator, was ready for the press at the
time of the latter's death. Publication has been delayed,
first by the production of another book giving the Revolu-
tionary record of Captain John Manley, of which Mr.
Greenwood was the author, and later by the entry of the
United States into the World War, which directed all
energies to matters of immediate concern. This limited
edition is now published in accordance with the editor's
wishes, and it is peculiarly fitting that this simple record
of a gentleman's services in America's first war should
appear just after the country has emerged victorious from
the greatest war the world has ever known.

J. R. G.

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INTRODUCTION

THE FOLLOWING record of events, written by John Greenwood during the year 1809, at such leisure moments as the arduous duties of a professional life permitted, presents in plain and simple style, but bright and clear as when first impressed upon the brain of youth, the varied scenes which he had beheld, and the hardships which he had encountered, in the service of his country throughout the War of the Revolution. Twenty-five to thirty-five years had passed since their occurrence, yet though in his statements he depended wholly upon memory, there is scarce an incident related which the annotator, in the course of an extensive historical reading, has not found corroborated. Precise dates alone appear to have been forgotten, and these, so far as possible, are now supplied. If the notes introduced add but little to the text, it is hoped that they may prove of some value to the student of history.

As a voucher for the truth of whatever pertains to Colonel Patterson's regiment, there was formerly attached to the original manuscript an autograph letter of Major Henry Sherburne, but repeated search among family papers has failed to bring the document to light. All we know about it is from a penciled memorandum on the cover by John Greenwood himself, which reads as follows: "Col. Sherburne, who wrote the introductory letter, was Treasurer of the State of Rhode Island; he is now living, Sept., 1810."

Much of stirring adventure was undoubtedly left unrecounted, and his son, Dr. I. J. Greenwood, often expressed regret that he had not foregone the pleasures of youth a little and, acting as amanuensis, made record from time to time of the abundant flow of humor and anecdote with which his father was wont to amuse his friends and children.

In the manuscript a period of two entire years, 1777 and 1778, is passed over inadvertently, without a word. It would appear, however, that about the year 1777 Greenwood was engaged in the codfisheries off the coast, for he would relate how that, being a green hand and employed in stowing the fish, he was advised to pour warm tar in his boots to protect his feet from the brine, and that the boots had to be worn until split off on his arrival home. We know also from the Massachusetts Revolutionary Rolls¹ that he was on a three months' service, from February 13, 1778, as fifer in the company of Captain John Hinckley's Boston Light Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Symmes's Detachment of Guards, on duty in the town under Major-General William Heath at a period when the forces of Burgoyne's army were encamped, as prisoners, in the vicinity.

Many opportunities were enjoyed also by Dr. Greenwood of meeting persons who, having known his father in earlier years, could furnish him with amusing anecdotes in connection with his father's life. A pleasing incident, related in October, 1823, by an old lady whose name has not been preserved, seems to show that Greenwood was again called out on service during the year 1778, when the American army was forming "a cordon about Manhattan Island, from Danbury in Connecticut to Elizabethtown in New Jersey." General Washington had crossed with his forces to the easterly side of the Hudson River, and about July

¹ Vol. XX, p. i.

20 his headquarters was established at White Plains. The Independent Company of Colonel Hitchborn and the Light Infantry Company of Captain Hinckley set out from Boston on Friday, August 7, for "headquarters." Unfortunately the Boston correspondent of the *Pennsylvania Packet* of August 25 does not indicate whether he refers to White Plains, New York, or Tiverton, Rhode Island.

"Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus,"

I give the story as I find it.

The company to which Greenwood belonged was encamped near White Plains upon the grounds of a wealthy Englishman, a neutral who resided in the neighborhood. This gentleman on one occasion, while out driving with his daughter (who tells the story), saw our young fifer sick and suffering from fever and ague, and brought him to his own house, where through kindness and woman's care he soon recovered. The good-natured boy, always cheerful and willing to lend a hand about the premises, soon won the regard of every member of the family; the eldest son would take him out for a drive in fine weather, and the old lady of the house never failed to remember him when making up a batch of pies.

About this time a band of Skinners, anxious for plunder, made up their minds to burn and sack the place, on the plea that its occupant, though professedly a neutral, was virtually attached to the loyalist cause. The house was accordingly surrounded and its inmates called upon to surrender. The captain of the neighbouring militia company, informed of this proceeding but aware of the old gentleman's neutrality, was undecided how to act, and determined to leave it altogether to his men. He therefore paraded them and ordered all in favor of defending the premises to raise their hats upon their muskets, and about half immediately re-

sponded to the appeal. The rest remaining irresolute, little John the fifer, together with the drummer of the company, was unremitting in his endeavors to persuade them, and soon, every man feeling convinced of his duty, the marauders were driven off.

While in the marine service and a prisoner, Greenwood received a severe scald, the marks of which he bore through life on one of his limbs. He said a person named Mumford, carrying a vessel of soup one day, and not observing him lying at length upon the ground, had stumbled over his body and deluged him with the hot and greasy liquid. This story was confirmed in July, 1837, by a gentleman named Mountfort, who said the party above alluded to was his own father; doubtless Joseph Mountfort,² of Boston, who had served under Commodore John Manley.

Again, while in the West Indies, the precise time and locality not given, Mr. Greenwood on one occasion saw an aged negro fishing from the end of a wharf who professed to have been a cabin-boy to the notorious pirate John Teach, or "Black Beard," who was captured and killed in November, 1717. Michael Scott, in his "Tom Cringle's Log," mentions this character as still living in 1812, at New Providence, aged about 110 years.

The earliest incident connected with John Greenwood's life is that, when quite young, he was taken out one day for a walk, escorted by a negro boy belonging to the family; when, attracted by the music and brilliant show of some passing soldiers, they followed along until the tired child was told to wait awhile and rest in a neighboring shop. Oblivious as to where he had left his charge, the negro finally returned home empty-handed, and Johnny had to be recovered by the aid of the town-crier.

² "N. E. Hist. Geneal. Reg.," Vol. XL, p. 116. Born February 3, 1750.

This incident evidently refers to the landing, on Saturday, October 1, 1768, of some regular troops,³ "the Hancock Regiments," as the people called them, which marched from Long Wharf to the common "with muskets charged, bayonets fixed, colours flying, drums beating, some of the drummers being negroes, and fifes playing."⁴ As late as 1770 Bailey's English Dictionary gives the word "fife or fiffaro, Ital.," as a pipe or wind-instrument, "used by the Germans, with a drum, in the army." Grose, however, in his "Military Antiquities," 1786, says that fifes were revived in the English army about 1745 by the Duke of Cumberland, who first "introduced them into the Guards." They were a novelty, evidently, to the Bostonians, and in March, 1769, an announcement can be read in the daily papers of a musical entertainment in the Concert Hall on Queen Street, for the benefit of the fife-major of the 29th Regiment. We may depend upon it that the "Yankee Doodle Song" of Surgeon Shuckburgh was much played by the British fifers. It was stirring music and had its effect, a very lasting one, upon little John, who, with indefatigable zeal and perseverance, as we learn from the memoir, was soon playing upon a fife of his own, with a militia company of his fellow-townsman, commanded by Captain Martin Gay, marching at his heels.

In the winter of 1821-2 John W. Greenwood, then a pupil of Phillips Academy, Andover, was fastening his skates in the cabin of an old gray-headed negro at the edge of a frozen pond, when, glancing up, he observed a framed copy of his family arms over the chimneypiece, which, said old ebony, had belonged to his master, Mr. Greenwood, of Boston. Quite likely he was the same house-servant who had taken such

³ The 14th, 29th, a detachment of the 59th, and a company of the Artillery Train with two cannons.

⁴ *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1768, pp. 511 and 512.

indifferent care of the boy's father fifty years previous.

No relic in connection with his services, over which the stirring events which marked the Revolution might have cast a halo, has come down to the present generation save the blade of the sword which he took, as he relates, from the body of a Hessian artilleryman at Trenton, and a manuscript music-book upon which he set great store as having been given him by an English fifer. The tunes are all English, but the water-mark⁵ of the paper being foreign, I am led to suppose this also is a memento of the battle of Trenton. Greenwood's regiment was appointed to guard the Hessian prisoners across the river, and among them was their band of nine musicians, who participated next year in the celebration of July 4 at Philadelphia. The fife which had cheered "the 15th" onward through many a weary march was thoughtlessly given away⁶ by Dr. I. J. Greenwood about 1830, and has long since, we may presume, passed into oblivion.

A few words relative to the parentage of John Greenwood may not be amiss. His father, Isaac Greenwood, of Boston, resided previously and for some time subsequent to the war on the east side of Salem Street, the garden of his house adjoining the Second Episcopal, or Christ, Church. Here he carried on the business of ivory-turning and, as an adjunct of the same, the profession of dentistry, much after the manner of his friend Paul Revere, the goldsmith,⁷ who was located at the

⁵ Within a circular band, surmounted by a crown, and inscribed "Pro Patria Ejusque Libertate"; standing erect on a low square pedestal, bearing the word "Vryheit," a crowned lion carrying over his left shoulder a long staff surmounted by a liberty-cap.

⁶ To his agent, Mr. William K. Newton.

⁷ They both "learnt the method from Mr. John Baker," a London surgeon dentist who visited Boston and New York in 1768.

head of Clarke's Wharf. To the above occupations was added the manufacture of "kitisols, umbrelloes," and mathematical instruments, and he is said to have constructed the first electrical machine made for Franklin in Boston. His ingenuity in the arrangement of scientific apparatus was probably inherited from his father, of the same name, who had filled the first Hollisian professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy in Harvard College, Cambridge. Professor Isaac Greenwood was the son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Bronsdon) Greenwood, and the grandson of Nathaniel, a young shipwright who came to Boston about 1654. The latter was the eldest child of Miles Greenwood, worsted weaver of Norwich, England, and, according to family tradition, a lieutenant and preacher under Oliver Cromwell. Miles's father, also named Miles, was married in 1599, in the church of St. Peter's of Mancroft, to Ann Scath, of Barnham Brome.

John Greenwood, after the war, settled in New York, and there died November 16, 1819, in his sixtieth year. A few days after this event a hale, hearty old gentleman called at the family residence, No. 13 Park Row, having come, he said, to once more grasp the hand of his old comrade and companion-in-arms before he left this world; he had been the drum major^s of the 15th Massachusetts Regiment.

One who had evidently known John Greenwood personally writes: "He was a venerable man of great originality and shrewdness of mind on all subjects, a great

^s This was probably Jonathan Kinney, of Boston, who enlisted May 3, 1775, as the drummer of Captain Theo. T. Bliss's company. He served from May 8 to July 8, 1777, as a matross of Captain Jonathan Stoddort's company, Colonel Th. Craft's artillery regiment, and as corporal, February 3 to May 2, 1779, with the Guards at and about Boston, under Major-General Gates, in Captain Caleb Champney's company. Greenwood alludes to him under date of January 8, 1776.

reader and deep thinker, generous and chivalrous in disposition, of ready wit and full of the anecdote and lore of the past. In his profession his expert and adroit workmanship, bold ingenuity and resources under all difficulties, acquired him a reputation that left him without a competitor.”⁹

I. J. G.

⁹ “Wealth and Pedigree of the Citizens of New York,” 1842. The portraits of John Greenwood and his mother, which are introduced, are after originals painted by William Lovett, of Boston, about 1790.

THE REVOLUTIONARY
SERVICES OF
JOHN GREENWOOD
OF BOSTON AND NEW YORK
1775-1783

Written from memory in New York,
February 14, 1809, by a person who
was in the Revolutionary War be-
tween Great Britain and America; re-
lating naught but facts, so strongly
imprinted upon the mind as never
to be forgotten.

CHAPTER I

HIS YOUTH; ENLISTMENT IN CAPTAIN THEODORE T.
BLISS'S (BOSTON) COMPANY AS A FIFER; COMPANY
JOINED TO COLONEL J. PATTERSON'S MASSA-
CHUSETTS REGIMENT; BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL;
HIS MOTHER PERMITTED TO RETURN TO BOSTON

I WAS born in Boston, America, May 17, in the year 1760, and educated in the North School (1) until thirteen years of age; but as children were not at that time taught what is called grammar, or even correct spelling, it must not be expected to find them in this relation. All that we learned was acquired by the mere dint of having it thumped in, for the two masters, who had to overlook and manage some 300 or 400 boys, could pay little attention to us except so far as flogging went, which right was rather freely indulged in.

While I was at school the troubles commenced, and I recollect very well of hearing the superstitious accounts which were circulated around: people were certain a war was about to take place, for a great blazing comet had appeared and armies of soldiery had been seen fighting in the clouds overhead; and it was said that the day of judgment was at hand, when the moon would turn into blood and the world be set on fire. These dismal stories became so often repeated that the boys thought nothing of them, considering

that such events must come in the course of nature. For my part, all I wished was that a church which stood by the side of my father's garden (2) would fall on me at the time these terrible things happened, and crush me to death at once, so as to be out of pain quick.

It must not be expected that I can give day or date in my relation, as I cannot remember them.

I remember what is called the "Boston Massacre," when the British troops fired upon the inhabitants and killed seven¹ of them, one of whom was my father's apprentice, a lad eighteen years of age, named Samuel Maverick (3). I was his bedfellow, and after his death I used to go to bed in the dark on purpose to see his spirit, for I was so fond of him and he of me that I was sure it would not hurt me. The people of New England at that time pretty generally believed in hobgoblins and spirits, that is the children at least did.

About this period I commenced learning to play upon the fife, and, trifling as it may seem to mention the circumstance, it was, I believe, the sole cause of my travels and disasters. I was so fond of hearing the fife and drum played by the British that somehow or other I got possession of an old split fife, and having made it sound by putting up the crack, learned to play several tunes upon it sufficiently well to be fifer in the militia company of Captain Gay (4). This was before the war some years, for I think I must have been about nine or ten years old. The flag of the company was English; so were they all then.

I saw the tea when it was destroyed at Boston, which began the disturbance, and likewise beheld several persons tarred and feathered and carried through the town; they were tide-waiters, custom-house officers—I think they called them informers.

¹ Three were killed and eight wounded, two of them mortally.

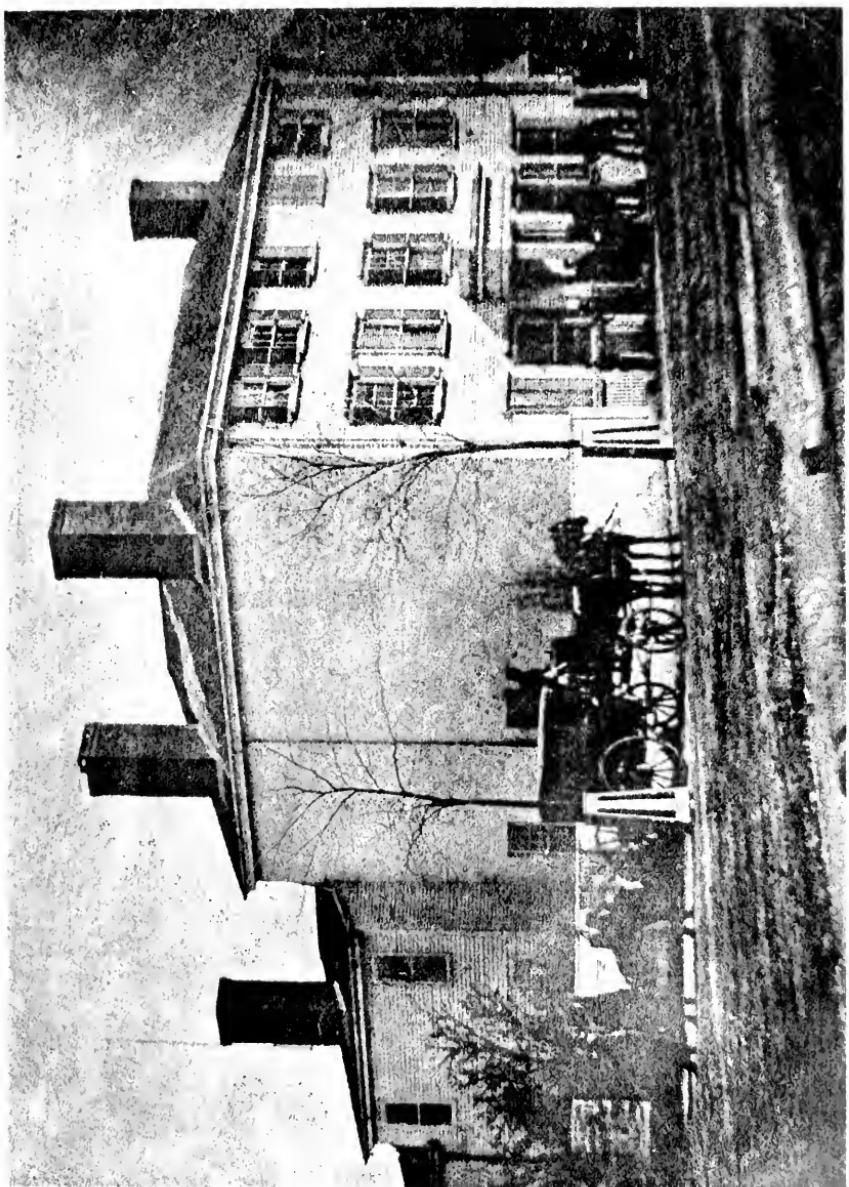
At the age of thirteen I was sent eastward to a place called Falmouth (Portland), 150 miles from Boston, to live with my father's only brother (5), whom I was named after. He was a cabinet-maker by trade but had concerns in the shipping business likewise, and was looked upon to be an able, or rich, man. His wife was dead, he had no children, and I was his favorite. The whole country at this time was in commotion and nothing was talked of but war, liberty, or death; persons of all descriptions were embodying themselves into military companies, and every old drunken fellow they found who had been a soldier, or understood what is called the manual exercise, was employed of evenings to drill them. My uncle was lieutenant of an independent company (the Cadets), and of course I was engaged to play the fife while they were learning to march, a pistareen an evening for my services keeping me in pocket-money. Being thus early thrown into the society of men and having, as it were, imbibed the ardor of a military spirit; being moreover the only boy who knew how to play the fife in the place, I was much caressed by them.

I stayed with my uncle two years, until the time arrived when we had an account that the British troops had marched out of Boston, attacked the country people at a place called Lexington, and killed a number of them (6). I had frequently been inclined to return to Boston that I might see my father, mother, sister, and brothers, but as I was not permitted to do so, I took it into my head, saying nothing to any one about it, to go alone on foot in the beginning of May, 1775. The distance was 150 miles and the country so thinly inhabited that I had to traverse, at times, woods seven miles in length, and I had never traveled before more than three or four miles by land into the country. I concluded to set out on a Sunday, for then they would not be so apt to miss me, and not having mentioned my

determination of going, they would not think it possible so young a boy would, without any manner of cause, attempt such a journey. My reason for going was I wished to see my parents, who, I was afraid, would all be killed by the British, for, as I observed before, nothing was talked of but murder and war.

Sunday morning, when in New England all is still and no persons are in the streets, having eaten my breakfast, I took a handkerchief and tied up in it two or three shirts and a pair or two of stockings, and with what clothes I had on my back and four and a half pistareens in my pocket, jumped over the fence in the back yard and set off. I walked rapidly through the town without meeting any one I knew, as it was breakfast-time, and when once beyond the outskirts, being a very strong-constitutioned boy, off I went with a light heart and a good pair of heels; sometimes I ran and sometimes trotted like a horse, and I really believe I accomplished forty miles the first day. I do not recollect that I was the least tired during my whole journey. As I traveled through the different towns the people were preparing to march toward Boston to fight, and as I had my fife with me—yes, and I was armed likewise with my sword—I was greatly caressed by them. Stopping at the taverns where there was a muster, out came my fife and I played them a tune or two; they used to ask me where I came from and where I was going to, and when I told them I was going to fight for my country, they were astonished such a little boy, and alone, should have such courage. Thus by the help of my fife I lived, as it were, on what is usually called free-quarters nearly upon the entire route.²

² On Lexington Day, April 19, 1775, Captain William H. Ballard (later of Colonel James Frye's regiment) started his company with a few men in Amesbury, Essex County, Massachusetts, and then drummed up a number more, during the month of May, along the New Hampshire coast. It does seem as if the recruiting sergeant



JOHN GREENWOOD'S HOUSE,
Falmouth (Portland,) Me., built 1773.

As nigh as I can remember it took me four days and a half to reach Charlestown, opposite Boston; but on Charlestown Neck there stood a Yankee soldier or sentry who stopped me, telling me that I must not go past him. I attempted, however, to get by him and run, when another fellow caught me and carried me to the guard-house, which was a barn standing not far off. Here I was kept all night, when they let me go, informing me that in order to go down to Charlestown ferry a pass must be obtained from General Ward, at Cambridge; but by no means would I be permitted to go into Boston to see my parents, as all communication was cut off between the British and the country people. The war had begun, they told me; the British had marched out into the country to Lexington, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," but they had made them dance it back again.

I immediately set off for Cambridge after my pass, got it, and traveled back for Charlestown ferry; but I was not allowed, after two years' absence from home, to go over and see my parents. Everything on the opposite shore was familiar to me, and I was well acquainted with the person who kept the ferry, Mr. Enoch Hopkins, whose son used to go to school with me. There I stood alone, without a friend or a house to shelter me for the night, surrounded by women and children, some crying and others in different situations of distress, for the Boston people were flocking out of town over the ferry in crowds, with what little furniture they were permitted to take with them. The British governor, or, more properly calling him, came across John Greenwood tramping his way down from Falmouth, for on his roll was entered: "John Greenwood of Boston, May 14, Fifer, age 16." But, as John says, a light pair of heels evidently carried the young fifer onward to his destination, and a company roll, dated Cambridge, June 13, marks Greenwood "absent." ("N. E. Hist. Geneal. Reg.", Vol. LX, p. 44.)

"Granny Gage," gave permission to the inhabitants, before the battle of Bunker Hill, to leave the town, but placed a fellow by the name Cunningham³ (the notorious master of the New York provost during the war) at the ferry stairs, to search their trunks and little bundles and take from the women and children their pins, needles, and scissors, in short anything he pleased, which, with his noted cruelty, he would throw into the river while the poor helpless creatures were weeping. O British magnanimity! Brave fellows!

This, however, is nothing to their boasted valor. They dared not show their faces to us over their breast-works after Bunker Hill frolic. They then found out to their sorrow what kind of stuff Yankees were made of; they lost in killed and wounded in that battle upward of 1100 of their best troops, and we lost about 200. The British had ten men to our one, as history will inform you, and I was an eye-witness.

But to return: Charlestown was at the time generally deserted by the inhabitants, and the houses were, with few exceptions, empty; so, not knowing what to do nor where to go and without a penny in my pockets, if I remember rightly, I entered a very large tavern that was filled with all descriptions of people. Here I saw three or four persons whom I knew, and, my fife sticking in the front of my coat, they asked me, after many questions, to play them a tune. I complied forthwith, but although the fife is somewhat of a noisy instrument to play upon, it could hardly be heard for the din and confusion around. Such a scene cannot be described, nor hardly conceived, save by those who have beheld something similar to it.

After I had rattled off several tunes, there was one

³ William Cunningham, an Irishman, provost marshal to the royal army; executed in London for forging a draft on the Ordnance Board, August 10, 1791, aged fifty-three.

Hardy Pierce⁴ who, with Enoch Howard⁵ and three or four others, invited me to go up to Cambridge to their quarters, as they called it. When there they tried to persuade me to enlist as a fifer, telling me that it was only for eight months, and that I would receive eight dollars a month and be found in provisions; moreover, they calculated to quickly drive the British from Boston, when I would have an opportunity of seeing my parents. I waited for four or five days to see if I could get into Boston, living meanwhile in their quarters. The army which kept the British penned up in the city at the time was no better than a mob, the different companies not being formed as yet, that I could observe, into regiments or divisions. This was in the latter part of May, 1775. Concluding finally that it would be best for me, I enlisted for eight months⁶ in the company of Captain Bliss, which was quartered in the house of the Episcopal minister (8), who, with his family, had deserted it at an early period of the disturbances and gone into Boston.

There we stayed; to call it living is out of the question, for we had to sleep in our clothes upon the bare floor. I do not recollect that I even had a blanket, but I remember well the stone which I had to lay my head upon. Not more than two or three weeks passed by

⁴ In 1775 H. Pierce, of Boston, was first corporal in Captain T. T. Bliss's company. See Note 7.

⁵ E. Howard, of Boston, enlisted May 24, 1775, as a private in Captain Lemuel Trescott's company, Colonel Jonathan Brewer's regiment, time, eight months.

⁶ On a muster roll of Captain Bliss's company, dated August 1, 1775, appears John Greenwood's name with rank as fifer; time of service, two months, six days; residence, Boston. ("Mass. Revol. Records," Vol. XIV, p. 42.) It also appears on a return of Colonel Patterson's 26th Regiment of Foot, dated October 6, 1775, on file in the State House, Boston, and on an order of December 12, 1775, from certain members of Captain Bliss's company to the Committee on the Pay-table at Watertown, for bounty-money, in lieu of coats, due the subscribers.

when I began to think if I had not some friend or relation near Cambridge, and happened to recollect a great-aunt (9) then living in a town twenty miles from the camp. I procured a furlough or permit from my captain one morning, to go and see her, and set off briskly after breakfast, without a penny in my pockets. With a spirit too proud to beg a mouthful to eat I traveled onward, and late in the afternoon arrived within a few miles of the town, which is called Andover. I was now so hungry that I thought a piece of live sheep in the neighboring field would be relishable, but although so near the town, at this point, strange as it may appear—unaccountable, improbable, or whatever else you may please to call that which I am about to relate—I yet assert it as a fact, and am willing to take my oath, that as I was proceeding onward there was a certain something that prevented me from going forward; it seemed to push me back, or, as it were, insist on my returning. I attempted still to advance but could not, yet on wheeling around to retrace my footsteps, I could do so without uneasiness and with pleasure; moreover I traveled very fast.

I proceeded a considerable distance on my way back, as I walked some time after dark, but became so fatigued and hungry that I was obliged to stop at a farm-house to beg something to eat and ask permission to lie on the kitchen floor that night. They gave me some mush and milk and a blanket to lie down on, and I was soon sound asleep, but early the next morning, before the people were stirring, I had again started for Cambridge, or the camp.

At dawn of day I heard the firing of great guns,⁷ which caused me to quicken my pace, for I supposed the armies were engaged and, being enlisted, I thought it was my duty to be there. By ten o'clock I had reached

⁷ The *Lively*, Captain Thomas Bishop, opened fire upon the American works at daybreak.

Cambridge common, where I met a man whom I knew, by the name of Michael Grout, who informed me that my mother, who had come over the day before from Boston, was in his house, where he had left her only a few minutes before. His house, he told me, was just behind the meeting-house. When I reached the house I had been directed to I found my mother, surrounded by weeping women and children. She had no sooner seen me than she exclaimed, "Johnny, do get me away from here!" and appeared no more frightened than if nothing had been the matter. "Go," said she, "up to Cousin Fuller's^s and get his (riding) chair immediately." It was near by, so off I set, but found that Mr. Fuller, who was one of the leading characters in the Provincial Congress, had gone to Watertown; so I procured a horse and side-saddle, but found on returning to the house where I had left my mother that she had gone.

I forgot to mention that as soon as my father heard I was among the rebels he went to Governor Gage and got a permission for my mother (10) to visit the American camp, provided with money to hire a man in my stead. She was also to procure a permit for me to go into Boston. Accordingly she came over the day before the attack on Bunker Hill, but was not allowed to return, although she had powerful friends and relations among the rebels, as the British called us. After the arrival, however, of General Washington, when she had been absent from Boston then about six (*sic*) weeks, she applied to him in person. He con-

^s Judge Abraham Fuller was a member of the Third Provincial Congress from May 31 to July 19. As head of the committee of that body he took charge at Concord of the military papers and removed them safely, so that they escaped the hands of the British troops. He left \$1000 toward founding an academy in Newton (Cambridge Village), where he died, April 20, 1794, aged seventy-four. His uncle, Isaac Fuller, married Hannah Greenwood, granddaughter of Thomas and Hannah (Ward) Greenwood.

sented immediately—and that against the will of a great many of the officers and others—to her returning to my father. She was the first and only person who had permission⁹ to go into Boston after the battle of Bunker Hill. I did not see my mother again until she left the camp, and meanwhile she had believed me dead, as some person informed her, a few days after the battle, that I had been killed in the engagement.

As I was observing, previous to this digression, not finding my mother at Mr. Grout's on my return, and not knowing where she was, I let the horse go, saddle and all, to find the way home the best way it could, and down I went toward the battle to find the company I belonged to, then about two miles off. As I passed through Cambridge common I saw a number of wounded who had been brought from the field of conflict. Everywhere the greatest terror and confusion seemed to prevail, and as I ran along the road leading to Bunker Hill it was filled with chairs and wagons, bearing the wounded and dead, while groups of men were employed in assisting others, not badly injured, to walk. Never having beheld such a sight before, I felt very much frightened, and would have given the world if I had not enlisted as a soldier; I could positively feel my hair stand on end. Just as I came near the place a negro man, wounded in the back of his neck, passed me and, his collar being open and he not having anything on except his shirt and trousers, I saw the wound quite plainly and the blood running down his back. I asked him if it hurt him much as he did not seem to mind it; he said no, that he was only going to

⁹ Washington arrived in camp July 2, 1775. The petition of Daniel Murray, son of Colonel John Murray, of Rutland, Massachusetts, that his sister and two brothers might pass into Boston was sent by the commander to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety and laid before the Provincial Congress, which body was of the opinion (July 7) that the petition ought not to be granted, and referred to their resolution passed June 24.

get a plaster put on it, and meant to return. You cannot conceive what encouragement this immediately gave me; I began to feel brave and like a soldier from that moment, and fear never troubled me afterward during the whole war.

As good luck would have it I found the company I belonged to stationed (11) on the road in sight of the battle, with two field-pieces,¹⁰ it having been joined to the regiment commanded by Colonel John Patterson (12) from Stockbridge¹¹ (afterward the 12th Massachusetts Bay Regiment). Captain Bliss (13), who had given me permission the day before to go a distance of more than twenty miles, was astonished to see me, and asked me how I had returned so soon. I thought I might as well appear brave as not and make myself to be thought so by others, so I told him that, having heard cannon firing early in the morning, I considered it my duty to be with my fellow-soldiers; that I had run all the way back for that purpose, and intended to go into the battle to find them—which I certainly would have done, as big a coward as I was on setting out to join my companions. The cause of my fears then was, I presume, being alone, for I cannot say that I ever felt so afterward. I was much caressed by my captain and the company, who regarded me as a brave little fellow.

The British received such a warm reception from the Americans that they dared not advance one inch farther from the spot they had possession of. If they

¹⁰ When we learn that some privates of the regiment were in the train and that Captain Bliss was the following year in Colonel Lamb's regiment of (New York) artillery, it becomes of interest to know whether these two pieces of cannon remained with his company while attached to Patterson's regiment. On an adjacent hill (Cobble) Major Gridley, of the artillery, ordered into action by General Ward, halted his two pieces of cannon; he was afterward cashiered.

¹¹ See Appendix A.

had we were ready at our station to give them another battle, as we were placed there for that purpose and to cover a retreat. The next morning we began, in sight of them, at the distance of half-cannon shot, to build a fort on Prospect Hill (14), and they likewise began to build another opposite to it.

One of the British soldiers was asked, after the engagement at Bunker Hill, by a comrade who had been in Boston during the battle, how it was, and what sort of fellows the Yankees were. "Faith!" replied the former, who was an Irishman, "don't bother me, for I can tell you all about it in a few words—it was diamond cut diamond—and that's the whole story, my dear honey."

As my father lived near the ferry my brothers (15) were at this point and, the river being only half a mile wide, saw the whole battle. The wounded were brought over in the boats belonging to the men-of-war, and they were obliged to bail the blood out of them like water, while these very boats carried back the fresh troops who stood ready to reinforce those engaged. My brother told me that the wives, or women, of the British soldiers were at the ferry encouraging them, saying: "D—— the Yankee rebels, my brave British boys, give it to them!" He observed likewise that the soldiers looked as pale as death when they got into the boats, for they could plainly see their brother redcoats mowed down like grass by the Yankees, the whole scene being directly before their eyes. The Americans were all chiefly marksmen, and loading their guns each with a ball and five buck-shot, reserved their fire until the English troops had advanced within pistol range. I was told the enemy fell like grass when mowed, and while they were filling up their ranks to advance again the Yankees gave them the second fire with the same effect, two or three dropping at the discharge of every gun. The British

then began to fall back and retreat, and it was with some difficulty their officers could rally them to the charge. The Yankees stood their ground and waited until they had advanced within a hundred feet, when they fired again, continuing it for some time, about half an hour, when the British retreated a second time. After they had received additional troops they again pushed forward, but on being welcomed as before, pretty warmly, they were again obliged to retreat, and it was with very great difficulty their officers could persuade them to rally, telling them they must, as British valor and courage were at stake and would be doubted. From the Boston side the British officers were seen to drive their soldiers on to the charge with swords and bayonets—this is a fact well known to many living witnesses at this day.

With a reinforcement, for they were all the time sending troops over from Boston, they came on again, and the sound of the guns firing appeared like the roll of a hundred drums. At last¹² the bayonet went to work, and as the majority of the Americans, using fowling-pieces, had no weapons of this kind, and as many even had no more powder, they clubbed their guns and knocked the enemy down with the butt-ends. But at last, for the want of bayonets and powder, they were obliged themselves to retreat and leave the English in possession of a dear-bought little piece of ground.

It is falsely reported that the Americans were intrenched in a strong fort; it was no such thing. The

¹² David Collins, afterward (1804) first governor of Van Diemen's Land, claimed to have been the first to enter the American works; he was then but nineteen years old, and died in 1810. In the American camp, however, it was known that William Richardson, a young lieutenant of the 18th, or Royal Irish, was the first person who mounted the parapets; he was dangerously wounded. This circumstance is mentioned by General Washington in a letter of July 27, 1775.

case is this: about 800 men were ordered to make a fort the night before the battle on a rising piece of ground directly opposite Boston. This was called Breed's Hill, and there was a very gentle slope down to the river, so that at the distance of a quarter-mile from the bank one could easily roll up a loaded barrow. These 800 men were without spades or pickaxes, or at least a sufficient number of them, for it is well known that the mob or army could not at that early time be supplied with these articles, and I cannot believe that there were more than, if as many as, 300 tools to work with. It was twelve o'clock at night before they commenced, and, being persons unaccustomed to such labor, it is reasonable to suppose that one half of them were idle and looking on, while a great number were playing—I judge by what I have seen myself on similar occasions. Well, even admitting they were all at work hard during the entire night, is it not natural to think they would be tired by morning? But you find it was not the case. They fought like hell-hounds more than six hours, these very men who, they say, were building this great fort the night before. Now the fact is this: there was nothing that could with any propriety be even called a breastwork, much less a fort. A little earth had been heaved up in a pile; in some places it was as high as a man's waist, but the chief part of it would only reach his knee. It was entirely open on the back, and was not half so good a defense as a common stone wall. All the cannon in it consisted of two field-pieces of 3-pound balls, one of which, in the beginning of the battle, had the carriage shot away by a 24-pound shot from the Boston side at Copp's Hill, while the other was of little use on account of the scarcity of powder.

Toward the middle of the engagement the British, by firing what are called carcasses, struck several houses in Charlestown, one of them lodging in the steeple of

the meeting-house, and the town, which is situated at the foot of Bunker, or Breed's, Hill, was soon in a light blaze. The fools! it was of no great advantage to them, as it made a great smoke which the wind blew directly on both combatants.

After the battle little else was done by either party except the building of breastworks and forts, as the enemy were by this time convinced that we would sell every inch of ground at as dear a rate as we could.

What I have related is as nigh the truth as can be possibly arrived at.

One day,¹³ as I was standing by my tent, who should

¹³Tuesday, July 11, 1775, on the records of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress we find the following item: "Resolved—That this Congress has no objection to Mrs. Mary Greenwood having a permit to go into Boston." No papers in connection are on file among the state archives.

In a letter book of General Washington, preserved in the Library of Congress, there is the following one written by his secretary:

Sir

I am directed by the General to desire (you) would permit the Woman who is the Bearer of (this) to pass over to Charlestown in order to hve Conveyance (to) Boston first taking proper Precautions that she receives no Paper from any Person in her way. Her name is Greenwood & her Case appears by (the) Petition herewith.

I am Sir

Your very

Hum^l Serv

J. REED

Head Quarter

July 13th: 1775

To Gen^l Putnam

Some words are lost, as the edges of the book are worn. The petition was evidently enclosed in the original letter sent to General Putnam, whose post on Prospect Hill was then the main defense against the enemy. It is not so easy to identify Mrs. Greenwood's escort, but he may have been Sergeant John Mills, of one

I see but my mother coming toward me in company with Sergeant (afterward Major) Mills. "Well, Johnny," said she, "I am going at last to see your father, thank God! I hope you will behave like a soldier, and who knows but what you may be a general." She bade me good-by, and the sergeant who had the care of conducting her to the British lines went with her to a fort on Prospect Hill, or as the enemy, believing it impregnable, had called it, Mount Pisgah. It was nothing, however, but a common dirt fort made of ground and covered with sods of grass, mounting about eight or ten iron guns, from 9- to 18-pounders, nevertheless it was strong enough for them. This fort, moreover, which, as well as I can remember, might have held a thousand men crowded into it, was entirely open in the rear. We, however, did not depend upon forts, for we meant to attack them in the roads and fields if they did but venture to show themselves. Our sentries were then so nigh each other that conversation used to be carried on between those of either side—this I have myself seen. On the present occasion both parties were firing random shot at each other from their large cannon, but so little were we afraid of the British that Sergeant Mills went with my mother around the camp in order to show it to her. She told the American officers, however, that she had rather be conducted to the British lines as soon as possible, and asked them what she should say if the English asked her any questions about them. Their answer was: "Tell them we are ready for them at any time they choose to come out to attack us."

My mother was then taken to the lines and walked alone from the American to the British sentry, whereupon a portion of the guard came down from Bunker of the Connecticut regiments, who in June, 1775, was appointed regimental quartermaster, and in July regimental adjutant, and two years later was captain of the 2d Connecticut Regiment.

Hill and escorted her into the fort. There the commanding officer, Major Small,¹⁴ an acquaintance and friend of my father, treated her with the greatest politeness (for every person who was acquainted with him knows he was a real gentleman) and waited upon her himself to her residence in Boston, whence she was desired to attend on Governor Gage. At the governor's house she found a number of the first officers, who, after asking her a number of questions, wished to know what the rebels said. "I asked them what answer I should give if you put such a question to me," she replied, "and they said, 'Tell them we are ready for them at any time they choose to come out.' " The British governor was very much obliged to her for her information generally, and said that he had no further interrogations to make. For my part I presume he had not, for the answer to the last question frightened him so much he did not feel inclined to ask any more.

¹⁴ Major (later Major-General) John Small was major commandant of the 84th Foot, or Royal Highland Emigrants, 2d Battalion, raised in June, 1775, with Governor Gage as colonel. He died in March, 1795, aged seventy years, lieutenant-governor of Guernsey. ("N. Y. Col. MSS.," Vol. VIII, p. 588.)

CHAPTER II

SIEGE AND EVACUATION OF BOSTON; REGIMENT ORDERED TO CANADA; PART TAKEN PRISONERS AT THE CEDARS; GENERAL ARNOLD SIGNS A CARTEL AND GIVES HOSTAGES TO THE ENEMY

THE English were so penned up in Boston that they could get no fresh provisions¹ except what they stole from the poor unprotected inhabitants near the seashore, and they were in such want as to be obliged to risk their lives and make daring attacks even in the vicinity of our troops. On one occasion (16) they came over to steal some cows that were grazing on a neck of land called Lechmere's Point, about half a mile from the encampment of our regiment. Covered by a sloop or ship-of-war of eighteen guns, the enemy effected a landing and began to drive the cows, but were immediately perceived by our people, who quickly marched down toward them. A creek of water (Willis Creek) ran across the road leading to the point, the bridge over which, as it was now high tide, was covered with water to the depth of a man's waist. A party which was screened from us by a stone wall had been sent to prevent our crossing, but, plung-

¹ Freneau, in his "Midnight Musings," 1775, assigns these words to Governor Gage:

"Three weeks, ye gods! nay, three long years it seems
Since roast-beef I have seen, except in dreams."

ing in, we were soon over, and as quickly made them run. Just as we had crossed the bridge our men were exposed to the fire from the British fort at Bunker Hill, of 18- and 24-pound guns. I recollect that as eight or ten of us were in a huddle running up the hill, a ball from a 24-pounder struck about three feet before me, driving the dirt smack in our faces. We ran on and just got down so as to get a shot at them before they pushed off. They did not take anything with them, however, and only stabbed two or three cows with their bayonets. The night following we knocked up a small fort, placed four heavy guns upon it, and quickly made the ship-of-war quit her station.

Night was the time for frolicking, as the British were constantly sending bombs at us, and sometimes from two to six at a time could be seen in the air overhead, looking like moving stars in the heavens. These shells were mostly thirteen inches in diameter, and it was astonishing how high they could send such heavy things. I have often seen them strike the ground when it was frozen and bound up like a foot-ball, and again, falling on marshy land, they would bury themselves from ten to twelve feet in it, whereupon, the wet ground having extinguished the fusee, the Yankees would dig them up to get the powder out. On one occasion a 13-inch bomb dropped directly opposite the door of the picket guard-house where 200 men were on duty, and a lad about eighteen years old, named Shubael Rament (17), belonging to our company, ran out, knocked the fusee from the shell, and took the powder out of it, of which I had some myself to kill snipe with. Some of our sentries were placed in very dangerous situations, much exposed to the fire of the enemy, who, having plenty of powder to waste, were almost constantly at it. We, however, became so accustomed to this that nothing was thought of it, and for half a pint of ani-seed water one soldier who was a little timid could get

another to stand for him as sentry in the most perilous place (18).

During the entire winter we were amused in this way, nothing material happening. One night (March 2, 1776) while our troops were firing into Boston over Roxbury Neck, a ball from a 9-pounder struck into the British guard-house and carried off the legs of ten men² as they were sitting on a bench together. Frequently we mustered and marched up to Cambridge Creek, with the idea that we were about to attack and storm the British in Boston. In the creek were a number of flat-bottomed boats, constructed to carry about forty men, and we used to put two of them together with a platform between, get on board, and see how we could manage them. Here we had likewise large floating batteries,³ carrying heavy guns and roofed over like a house. With these we were to attack Boston—aye, and should have done it if ordered, for danger we knew none—and would certainly have taken the place with such men as we had. This plan, however, was given up for another, viz., to build a fort on Dorchester Heights very near the city so as to command the harbor. At the latter work we went (March 4) with about 3000 or 4000 men, and having all the fascines ready made, the British were in the morning surprised at beholding a fort which would have so great a command over them.

The British admiral (Shuldharn) told the general (Howe) that the place must be attacked immediately or he could not remain with his ships in the harbor. Accordingly 5000 or 6000 men were sent off in boats to take the fort, but such a storm arose that they were

² Frothingham's "Siege of Boston," p. 297, says six men were wounded.

³ For an account and drawing of these batteries see Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," Vol. I, p. 575; Heath's "Memoirs," p. 29.

obliged to give up the design. Had they succeeded in landing they would certainly have been overpowered, for it was a steep hill and the Americans had a number of hogsheads and barrels filled with sand to roll down⁴ upon them, and intended to sally out of the fort upon them when in confusion, and they would have liked no better fun.

I forgot to mention a piece of diversion, planned by old Putnam, which happened about two months before Dorchester Heights were taken possession of. One afternoon (January 8) about sundown a party of near fifty men from our regiment (under Captain William Wyman and Lieutenant William Augustus Patterson) were ordered to march on an expedition, and, having the curiosity to know where they were going and being then fife-major, I concluded to play for them myself; accordingly I went, accompanied by the drum-major.⁵ We were marched into a field a short distance from the camp and there joined by other parties to the number of 200 men (19), of whom some thirty or forty were provided with large bundles of chips dipped in brimstone and turpentine. Between nine and ten o'clock Putnam ordered us to march without the least noise or any music, leading us down to an old causeway belonging to Charlestown mills, which ran directly under Bunker Hill and within pistol-shot of the fort. When Charlestown was burned about ten or twelve houses were left unconsumed, and these were now inhabited by a parcel of stragglers, such as sutlers, mechanics, and camp women. Our men crossed the causeway (or mill-dam from Cobble Hill), surprised the different sentries, took a number of prisoners, and set fire to these houses right under their very noses, the enemy at the fort being so astonished as not to fire for some

⁴ Suggested by Brigadier-General Thomas Mifflin, though Heath says "a Mr. William Davis of Boston."

⁵ Jonathan Kinney.

time, at least not until the houses were in a light blaze. I never heard that we lost a single man.

The reason for this frolic being undertaken was that, as General Washington had many spies in Boston and could ascertain everything the British were about, he had learned that on the very evening in question they were about to enact a new play in derision of the Yankees, called the "Blockade of Boston," wherein was depicted the supposed ignorance and cowardice of our soldiers,—for you know they are good hands at running down all nations save themselves. Just as the play was at its height and as one of the actors was representing a Yankee sentinel, rigged out like a tailor with his paper measures hanging over his shoulders and his large shears sticking out of his pocket, etc., resting or leaning upon his gun and conversing with a countryman who had a newspaper,—just at that very time it so happened that Putnam had the houses at Charlestown set on fire. This produced such an alarm in Boston that a sergeant rushed upon the stage and cried out as loud as he could: "To arms! to arms! gentlemen, the rebels are upon us!" The audience thought he was acting part of the play and clapped him stoutly because he did so well, and it was some time before he could make them understand it was no sham. When they did, however, they tumbled down-stairs, over one another as fast as they could, and broke up the Yankee play. My father and mother were in the house (Faneuil Hall) at the time and witnessed the scene.

When the British perceived that it would be impossible to drive us from Dorchester Heights without another Bunker Hill frolic, or one much worse, they concluded to quit the town, not burning it if we let them go quietly; so we permitted them to depart, with their braggadocios, in peace. The first thing they did was to march from Bunker Hill in the night, leaving the can-

non in the fort, and two effigies,⁶ stuffed with straw, to stand sentry with guns upon their shoulders, etc. They passed over to Boston and, in a short time, embarked on their ships and were off for Halifax; so I will leave them until necessary to make mention of them again.

As my first term of enlistment expired during the continuance of the siege (Christmas, 1775), I had enlisted again for one year more. Two or three days after the British quitted Bunker Hill, but before they had finally left Boston (viz., on March 18, 1776), our regiment had orders to march for New York, and as we set off at great speed I had not the satisfaction of seeing my parents, from whom I had been absent almost three years. We traveled to New London and, embarking thence, arrived in New York, where, after a stay of about three weeks,⁷ we were ordered (April 21) to Canada, and proceeded up the river on sloops to Albany (20).

Our regiment consisted at the time of 500 strong and tolerably well-disciplined soldiers, badly equipped as to guns, however, as the majority had fowling-pieces of different sizes and bores and few of them had bayonets. Moreover, the men were unfurnished with swords to fight with in close quarters, although a few of them had tomahawks. We soon arrived at Ticonderoga, whence we sailed (May 4) in boats through Lake Champlain to St. Johns, marched to La Prairie, and finally crossed over to Montreal (on the 15th), where we were quartered in large stone barracks adjoining the North Gate. The city, being walled in, is supplied with gates for egress, over which are guard-houses. The greater part of our army (21) was now

⁶ One of these figures, according to President Stiles's (Yale College) Diary, March 17, bore on its breast a placard inscribed: "Welcome, Brother Jonathan!"

⁷ During which time Greenwood had a set of fifes made for the regiment by Mr. A. Turk.

down the St. Lawrence toward Quebec at a place called Three Rivers. We had been in Montreal but a few days when numbers of our men were attacked with the smallpox and carried to the hospital.

At this time there was a regiment stationed farther up the river, at the Cedars, about thirty-five miles southwest from Montreal, under the command of Colonel Bedel (22). It was now surrounded by 1300 Indians and sixty-odd British troops, having with them two brass field-pieces and a company of Canadian soldiers. The American regiment consisted, as I was told, of 600 or 700 altogether. Colonel Bedel had intrenched himself in a small fort, and was so completely hemmed in by the enemy that he could get no supplies whatever. He sent an express down to General Arnold, who was the commanding officer at Montreal, for a reinforcement and provisions, but was obliged to surrender to the mercy of the Indians before he could be assisted. Arnold, not knowing he had given up his troops, sent⁸ to his aid 200 men from our regiment, with three wagons loaded with provisions. My captain, Bliss, and the lieutenant, Edward Comstock,⁹ who is now (1809) living in Albany, were of the party, and I, as fife-major and able to send what fifer I pleased, detailed two fifers who, with two drummers, accompanied them. Off they all marched, little thinking what a time they would have of it.

The party was commanded by our major, Henry Sherburne (23), now (1809) State Treasurer of Rhode Island; a braver man never was made, and he was a strict disciplinarian. When they arrived at Fort Ann, about thirty miles up the St. Lawrence River, they crossed over and began their march toward the Cedars, which was some three or four miles from the

⁸ May 16, 1776; Bedel surrendered on the 19th.

⁹ Edward Cumston was second lieutenant; for John Cumston, first lieutenant, see Note 18.

opposite shore. The Indians, who had timely notice of their coming, lined the woods and bushes alongside the road, close to a small bridge and about two miles from where they landed, and likewise sent a party to destroy their boats and take the men prisoners who had been left in charge of them. As soon as the Americans came opposite to the place where the Indians were concealed (May 20), the latter rose up and poured upon them a tremendous fire, making at the same time a most hideous noise called the war-whoop, which sounds thus: "Woo-woo-woo-whoop!" (The last syllable is raised to a monstrous scream or yell, and this is kept up so incessantly that it is impossible to hear the word of command from your officers.) Our men fought the 1300 devils for upward of two hours and killed a number of them, including several chiefs, and losing themselves sixty-odd men besides having many more wounded. The Indians are not such good marksmen in an engagement as they are in hunting, neither are they so brave as generally represented, for they cannot face an enemy; their mode of fighting is very irregular, and they like something to get behind or skulk under.

Major Sherburne, however, was obliged at last to give up, and no sooner were his men prisoners than the Indians, exasperated from the loss of some of their best chiefs and warriors, fell to work stripping and leaving stark naked those who had clothes on fit for anything, despatching the wounded by knocking them on the head with their axes and tomahawks, and scalping the dead, that is, tearing the skin and hair from the top of their heads. Previous to being slain the wounded had to suffer the torments inflicted by the children of the savages. The dead were also divested of their clothing and laid by the road-side, where our remaining troops were driven past them like cattle to witness the spectacle, the Indians bran-

dishing their knives and tomahawks over their heads, and howling and screaming like madmen or devils. Thus they were taken to the Cedars, where the other prisoners were confined in an old stone church. The Indians, being so many in number and no providers for the future, were themselves in a state of starvation, and Colonel Bedel's regiment having no supplies when taken by them, you may imagine how the poor prisoners suffered; I believe if it had not been for the interference of the British troops, the Indians would have burned and murdered every one of them. They had already killed and destroyed every living creature around except the Roman Catholic priest's cow, and at last they knocked her in the head and, without skinning her, cutting the flesh off with their scalping knives while still alive, ate her, guts and all.

The Indians were so elated with their success that in a day or two they began their march toward Montreal to attack us. At the time two thirds of our troops were down with the smallpox, then raging at its height, and we could spare not more than 500, bateaux men and all, to go and meet them, leaving a small number to guard the city. I must observe that it is a custom of the Indians always to carry their prisoners with them, placing them at night on a point of land near the river and putting a guard across. The prisoners, obliged to lie upon the damp ground in the open air without the least covering except the heavens, often well soaked with rain and with little or nothing to eat, are generally much debilitated and weakened and subject to attacks of flux and fever. As soon as one poor fellow is not able, the next morning, to travel with them, the Indians knock him in the head, more for the sake of getting his scalp than of getting rid of him, for the scalp is their trophy of war, and he who has in his possession the greatest number is accounted the brav-

est warrior. As they have no general among them, every one does pretty much as he pleases, so they brought their prisoners with them to within three or four miles of where we were in Montreal.

(Saturday, May 25) Arnold paraded about 500 men to go and give them battle. I was with the advance-guard and we had not proceeded more than two miles beyond the city before three Indians were seen in the road coming toward us, who, as soon as they perceived us, gave the war-whoop, hove down their guns and blankets, and, flying to the woods, disappeared in a moment. Our guide was a British soldier who had deserted from the Rangers, and Arnold now sent orders for him to cross the woods for the purpose of reconnoitering the enemy, while I, who happened to be near him and who was thought to be a brave little fellow of some intelligence, was appointed to accompany him. He had no other arms than a tomahawk, while I had a small japanned fusee and a sword, so I did not hesitate to go with him alone, although I did not much like his face. We cut across the woods; my gun was loaded, my sword was sharp, and I managed to be always on guard by keeping at a little distance from my companion, for I never liked a deserter or a traitor—neither can be trusted. Just at evening we arrived at a place called La Chine,¹⁰ about eight miles from Montreal. Here Jack, the guide, left me by the side of a fence, telling me to remain there until he returned, as he was going to a small house that stood near by where he was well acquainted with the people, but where he was afraid my regimental clothing, a blue coat turned up with buff and trimmed with silver lace, would create suspicion. He went down and, having soon returned, desired me to follow him as it was then somewhat dark. I entered the house and found the

¹⁰ "Glasheen" in the original manuscript. Southwest from Montreal.

inmates to consist of a Canadian man about fifty years old, his wife of thirty, whom he had purchased from the Indians as I learned, and an old Canadian woman perhaps seventy-five years of age.

We had not been in the place more than ten or fifteen minutes before the war-whoop of the Indians was heard; we had got ahead of them, and they were now flying before General Arnold. The building was a one-story stone structure with two rooms on the ground floor. In one of these was a bed under which this fellow Jack and myself quickly ensconced ourselves. In a minute or two the house and the entire road were filled with Indians, making a most hideous noise and retreating as fast as they could toward Fort Ann, some twelve miles off. In about an hour they had all passed by without discovering us; had they found us we would have been burned alive. Jack now borrowed from the Canadian his spare clothes and, putting them on, left his own behind, saying, "We will follow them and see what they are about." So after them we went, not by the road but across the fields, and at length came to the settlement where the enemy had stopped, called Fort Ann, near which place we passed into the road. The fences in that part of the country were sometimes made of logs set upright and as close as they can stand to one another. By the side of such a fence I was now told to wait while my companion, being disguised, went into the town to observe their movements. I was to remain until he returned, and had he been taken prisoner, or had any mishap befallen him to prevent his coming back, I should have been obliged to stay there until daylight and be taken prisoner myself, for I never could have found my own way back to our detachment. I began to think what a situation I was in, standing in a nook between two posts of the fence, within hearing of the savage Indians. Every minute appeared an hour; sometimes I heard them walking by me in the road,

then again I would fancy they were looking after me; in short I had but a very unpleasant time of it.

A signal had been agreed upon between the guide and myself: he was to come along the fence with one hand touching it until he touched me; then I might be sure it was he. In about an hour he returned and touched me; it made my heart beat again. "Come along," he said, "the Indians are crossing the river, and will be all over before our troops can come up with them. We must go and inform the general." In haste we took our route back over the fields. It was quite dark and I, being slipshod, had the misfortune in getting over a high picket fence to drop one of my shoes, and, jumping down on a sharp stone, cut a large gash in my right heel. This hurt me considerably before the end of the two remaining miles to La Chine, where our troops then were. However, we reached this point near daylight and informed the general as to the situation of the enemy.

The troops were soon mustered for pursuit, but as I could not walk without much pain, I was obliged now to get into one of the boats. The river being very rapid, it was late before these bateaux, or boats, got up to Fort Ann, and the sun was about two hours high. The troops were in readiness to embark and follow the enemy, so on board they came, and I had the command of a blunderbuss at the bow of our boat. General Arnold was in a birch canoe paddled by two Indians who belonged to a party of 200 that had joined us after our arrival at La Chine, opposite to which place they have a town called Caughnawaga. (They are a cowardly set of fellows except they have the advantage of you.)

About a half-hour before sunset we neared the opposite shore, at which point the river is very wide, something like a bay. As we passed a small island, our boat being near it, a naked man up to his middle in the water was seen coming off to us. We rowed toward him and

took him in, when he proved to be one of our men who had escaped from the Indians, anxious for his revenge against them, eager to conduct us where they were, and apparently no more concerned about his appearance than if he were dressed like a prince. We pushed on until within musket-shot of the shore (at Quinze Chiens). The landing-place was covered with woods, and behind every tree were three or four Indians who poured or showered their bullets upon us as thick as hailstones. As it was now sundown, General Arnold thought proper to give the signal of retreat to the other side of the river, so back we went.

The English had drawn down their two field-pieces¹¹ to the shore and now began to play amongst us with them, which made our Indians fly with their birch canoes like so many devils; they do not like to see large balls skipping over the water, in and out until their force is lost, for a single one would knock their paper boats to pieces in a moment.

On landing, as we were in sight of the enemy, a great number of fires were ordered to be kindled to make them suppose we were many in numbers, so about midnight a flag of truce came over to capitulate with us, as they knew we intended to attack them the next morning. They agreed to give up all their prisoners on condition that they should not be employed against them for, I think, the next seven months, and hostages were given by the Americans; that is, some of the officers were left in their possession, my captain (Bliss) among the rest.

The next day they sent over the prisoners,—poor fellows, they looked as if they had been dragged by the heels for a hundred miles over the ground,—something similar, I suppose, to those who were exchanged from the Jersey prison-ship by the English at New York. The Indians and the English acted very much

¹¹ See Note 22.

alike, that is, without principle, only trying how badly they could treat those in their possession, little thinking it would be our turn next to tickle them.

CHAPTER III

RETREAT FROM CANADA TO TICONDEROGA; REGIMENT JOINS GENERAL WASHINGTON IN NEW JERSEY; BATTLE OF TRENTON; GREENWOOD LEAVES THE ARMY

THE enemy was now advancing from Quebec along either side of the river. As the majority of our men were sick with the smallpox, we made the best of our way back to Montreal for the purpose of retiring from it, and had been in the city but a few days when late one afternoon the order (24) came: "Retreat! retreat! the British are upon us!" Down we scampered to the boats, those of the sick who were not led from the hospital crawling after us. Camp equipage, kettles, and everything were abandoned in the utmost confusion—even the bread that was baking in the ovens—for we were glad to get away with whole skins. When half-way across the river it began to grow very dark, and down came the rain in drops the size of large peas, wetting our smallpox fellows, huddled together like cord-wood in the boats, and causing the death of many.

It was a very cold rain, and as the boat struck the shore I, being but a boy and wet through and through, tried to take care of myself, at which I had a tolerable good knack, and so left the rest, dead and alive, to do the same. An old barn being near, I went in and soon

found that others had discovered the retreat as well as myself, and were lying on the floor close together like hogs, so I contentedly pigged it down with the rest, not knowing who they were nor caring if they had been devils so long as I could have got a warm berth among them. I had not been in the barn longer than to get warm, so as to smoke a little, when the officers came poking along, shouting: "Turn out, turn out, d—— you, and march to join the army at Longueuil! Turn out or we will fire upon you!" Thinks I to myself, "Fire away!" However, we had to answer as they could not see us, and so said we were ready to march. Out we came into the rain and had to march three miles, half a leg deep in mud, to Longueuil, where General Arnold was mustering his scattered once-were-men. Looking around after reaching this place, I observed near by a windmill, into which I got unnoticed and, mounting to where the stones were, lay down and was only waked up at daybreak by the noise of the drums beating "to arms." Down I came out of the mill and at last found the remains of our regiment, the officers never questioning as to where I had been, for they always had a good opinion of my bravery.

General Arnold gathered together the priests and the friars and told them that if they did not immediately procure all the carts and wagons around the town, to carry the sick and what stores, etc., we had, he would set the place on fire. These conveyances were quickly brought and we marched on toward La Prairie. My party being in the rear we found, on reaching a bridge that lies between Longueuil and La Prairie, that it had been fired by the party which had marched before us, and consequently we had to march over it while in flames. The road ran alongside of the river opposite the city of Montreal, and we could plainly see the red-coated British soldiers on the other shore; so close were they upon us that, if we

had not retreated as we did, all would have been prisoners, for they were in numbers as six to our one, and we, moreover, nearly half dead with sickness and fatigue and lack of clothing, etc., etc.

On the previous day our boats had landed at different places along shore on account of the strong current running in the river, and after the sick and lame had been taken out and left to shift for themselves in the rain during the night, these boats, according to orders, had been stove to pieces to prevent the enemy from securing them. As we now marched along, the sad sight of many a companion who had died from exposure met our gaze. The shore, moreover, was strewed with different things, such as Arnold's plunder from the city, for the fellow had consumed the fore part of the day on which we retreated in carrying over the river plunder of different kinds, such as wine, butter, raisins, etc., etc. We were obliged, however, to leave the best part of this and retreat to St. Johns, at the head of Lake Champlain, where we stopped for a few days to collect all our scattered soldiers together, previous to crossing the lake, which is 180 miles long as I was informed.

After a while we embarked in open boats and proceeded toward Ticonderoga. On the route the rations, served out to us each day, consisted of a pint of flour and a quarter-pound of pork for every man, and to cook this we were allowed to land at noon. We were without camp-kettles or any utensils whatever to make bread in, and pretty kind of stuff was the preparation dignified by the latter term—mixed up with water from the lake, by fellows as lousy, itchy, and nasty as hogs, I have seen it, when made and baked upon a piece of bark, so black with dirt and smoke I do not think a dog could eat it. But with us it went down, lice, itch, and all, without any grumbling, while the pork was broiled on a wooden fork and the drippings caught by the beau-

tiful flour cakes. Such was the life of our Continental soldiers who went to Canada, and the sick among them fared not otherwise. As for myself, being a fife-major and a favorite with both officers and men, I fared a little better; moreover, though I was but a boy, I yet knew how to take care of myself. To cheer the men up I would often play them a tune, and having a constitution like a horse, kept always lively and encouraging the sick, doing what was in my power for them as I had little else to do, never being called upon to row the boat or to do the least of fatigue duty. I slept, too, all night and was in heaven compared to any of them, though the best fare was bad enough for me.

At last we arrived at Ticonderoga and four New England regiments, of which number ours was one, were ordered to make an encampment on Mt. Independence, a high mountain opposite Ticonderoga.¹ This place was covered with thick woods and, being also very rocky, was filled with snakes of every description, though mostly black and rattlesnakes. Had it been filled with devils, however, it would have made no difference to our soldiers, for they were proof against everything. After we had been there two or three months down came the British on the lake with a ship of twenty guns, brass 6-pounders, and ninety gunboats filled with men, to attack our little fleet of thirteen sail, consisting of a sloop, a schooner, three or four floating batteries, and other small craft. Arnold commanded the Mosquito Fleet, as it was called, and gave the enemy battle (October 11, etc., 1776), but was overpowered with numbers and obliged to retreat.

While stationed on Mt. Independence plenty of cattle were driven to the camp, and, being fed constantly on fresh meat without a particle of salt to give it a relish, our soldiers at length got the flux (or camp dis-

¹ Connected by a floating bridge eighty rods long and twelve feet wide.

temper) and died like rotten sheep, so that out of the 500 men we had in our regiment upon entering Canada, but 100 were left when orders came, toward the close of November,² for marching to Albany. I had the fever and ague, being sick for the first time, and what I suffered on the march cannot be described. With no tents to shelter us from the snow and rain, we were obliged to get through it as well as we could, and as to eating or cooking, you may put them out of the question; they who were with us know best about these things, others cannot believe the tenth part, so I will say nothing further on the subject. A great many things I have not related which are positive facts, as no one would be apt to give them credence unless he had beheld similar scenes.

When we arrived at Albany (25) we were ordered on board vessels for Esopus (or Kingston), and thence proceeded, still without tents and some of our men without even shoes, over the mountains to a place called Newton, in Pennsylvania, passing on the way through Nazareth and Bethlehem.³ A day or two after reaching Newton we were paraded one afternoon to march and attack Trenton. If I recollect aright the sun was about half an hour high and shining brightly, but it had no sooner set than it began to drizzle or grow wet, and when we came to the river it rained. Every man had sixty rounds of cartridges served out to him, and as I then had a gun, as indeed every officer had, I put the number which I received, some in my pockets and some in my little cartridge-box. Over the river we then went in a flat-bottomed scow, and as I was with

² November 18, 1776.

³ To this place, by order of General Washington under date of December 3, 1776, the general hospital was removed from Morristown, and the sick and wounded found quarters in the seminary and the Sun Inn, Dr. John Warren being surgeon-general of the Continental Army.

the first that crossed, we had to wait for the rest and so began to pull down the fences and make fires to warm ourselves, for the storm was increasing rapidly. After a while it rained, hailed, snowed, and froze, and at the same time blew a perfect hurricane; so much so that I perfectly recollect, after putting the rails on to burn, the wind and the fire would cut them in two in a moment, and when I turned my face toward the fire my back would be freezing. However, as my usual acuteness had not forsaken me, by turning round and round I kept myself from perishing before the large bonfire. The noise of the soldiers coming over and clearing away the ice, the rattling of the cannon wheels on the frozen ground, and the cheerfulness of my fellow-comrades encouraged me beyond expression, and, big coward as I acknowledge myself to be, I felt great pleasure, more than I now do in writing about it. After our men had all crossed—and there were not, as I could see, more than 200 of us—we began an apparently circuitous march, not advancing faster than a child ten years old could walk, and stopping frequently, though for what purpose I know not. During the whole night it alternately hailed, rained, snowed, and blew tremendously. I recollect very well that at one time, when we halted on the road, I sat down on the stump of a tree and was so benumbed with cold that I wanted to go to sleep; had I been passed unnoticed I should have frozen to death without knowing it; but as good luck always attended me, Sergeant Madden came and, rousing me up, made me walk about. We then began to march again, just in the old slow way, until the dawn of day, about half-past seven in the morning.

I have heard that we surprised the enemy; if we did, they must have been a lazy, indolent set of rascals, which is nothing to the credit of a regular army, as the English called themselves. But any who would even suppose such a thing must indeed be ignorant, when it

is well known that our whole country was filled with timid, designing tories and informers of all descriptions, and our march so slow that it was impossible but that they should be apprised of it.⁴ It was likewise asserted at the same time that the enemy were all drunk; if they were, it shows there was no good discipline among those brave, regular troops. If they were drunk, I can swear we were all sober to a man; not only sober, but nearly half dead with cold for the want of clothing, as, putting the storm to one side, many of our soldiers had not a shoe to their feet and their clothes were ragged as those of a beggar. I am certain not a drop of liquor was drunk during the whole night, nor, as I could see, even a piece of bread eaten, and I am willing to go upon oath that I did not see even a solitary drunken soldier belonging to the enemy,—and you will find, as I shall show, that I had an opportunity to be as good a judge as any person there.

None but the first officers knew where we were going or what we were going about, for it was a secret expedition, and we, the bulk of the men coming from Canada, knew not the disposition of the army we were then in, nor anything about the country. This was not unusual, however, as I never heard soldiers say anything, nor ever saw them trouble themselves, as to where they were or where they were led. It was enough for them to know that wherever the officers commanded they must go, be it through fire and water, for it was all the same owing to the impossibility of being in a worse condition than their present one, and therefore the men always liked to be kept moving in expectation of bettering themselves.

Between seven and eight o'clock, as we were marching near the town, the first intimation I received of our

⁴ The Hessian commander, Colonel Rahl, was informed through a tory living on the Pennington road, but the letter is said to have been found, unopened, in his pocket.

going to fight was the firing of a 6-pound cannon at us, the ball from which struck the fore horse that was dragging our only piece of artillery, a 3-pounder. The animal, which was near me as I was in the second division on the left, was struck in its belly and knocked over on its back. While it lay there kicking the cannon was stopped and I did not see it again after we had passed on. As we advanced, it being dark and stormy so that we could not see very far ahead, we got within 200 yards of about 300 or 400 Hessians who were paraded, two deep, in a straight line with Colonel Roll (Rall or Rahl), their commander, on horseback, to the right of them. They made a full fire at us, but I did not see that they killed any one. Our brave Major Sherburne ordered us to fall back about 300 yards and pull off our packs, which we accordingly did and piled them by the roadside. "Now, my boys," says he, "pass the word through the ranks that he who is afraid to follow me, let him stay behind and take care of the packs!" Not a man offered to leave the ranks, and as we never went back that way, we all lost our packs: at least I never heard anything of mine, and I had in it a beautiful suit of blue clothes, turned up with white and silver laced. As we had been in the storm all night we were not only wet through and through ourselves, but our guns and powder were wet also, so that I do not believe one would go off, and I saw none fired by our party. When we were all ready we advanced, and, although there was not more than one bayonet to five men, orders were given to "Charge bayonets and rush on!" and rush on we did. Within pistol-shot they again fired point-blank at us; we dodged and they did not hit a man, while before they had time to reload we were within three feet of them, when they broke in an instant and ran like so many frightened devils into the town, which was at a short distance, we after them pell-mell. Some of the Hessians took refuge in a church at the

door of which we stationed a guard to keep them in, and taking no further care of them for the present, advanced to find more, for many had run down into the cellars of the houses. I passed two of their cannon (26), brass 6-pounders, by the side of which lay seven dead Hessians and a brass drum. This latter article was, I remember, a great curiosity to me and I stopped to look at it, but it was quickly taken possession of by one of our drummers, who threw away his own instrument. At the same time I obtained a sword from one of the bodies, and we then ran on to join the regiment, which was marching down the main street toward the market. Just before we reached this building, however, General Washington, on horseback and alone, came up to our major and said, "March on, my brave fellows, after me!" and rode off.

After passing a number of dead and wounded Hessians we reached the other side of the town and on our right beheld about 500 or 600 of the enemy paraded, two deep, in a field. At the time we were marching in grand divisions which filled up the street, but as we got opposite the enemy we halted and, filing off two deep, marched right by them,—yes, and as regular as a Prussian troop. When we had reached the end of their line we were ordered to wheel to the right, which brought us face to face six feet apart, at which time, though not before, I discovered they had no guns. They had been taken prisoners by another party and we had marched between them and their guns, which they had laid down. A few minutes afterward a number of wagons came behind us, into which the guns were placed, and the next thing ordered was to disarm the prisoners of their swords, with one of which every man was provided; these we also put in the wagons, but compelled the enemy to carry their cartridge-boxes themselves. Our regiment was then ordered to conduct them down to the ferry and transport them over to the

other side, so we began the march, guarding the flanks or sides of the road.

The Hessian prisoners, who were all grenadiers, numbered about 900. I saw also a party of 300 or 400 who had got off,⁵ but how they did it I could not conceive. The scow, or flat-bottomed boat which was used in transporting them over the ferry, was half a leg deep with rain and snow, and some of the poor fellows were so cold that their underjaws quivered like an aspen leaf. On the march down to the boats, seeing some of our men were much pleased with the brass caps which they had taken from the dead Hessians, our prisoners, who were besides exceedingly frightened,⁶ pulled off those that they were wearing, and, giving them away, put on the hats which they carried tied behind their packs. With these brass caps on it was laughable to see how our soldiers would strut,—fellows with their elbows out and some without a collar to their half-a-shirt, no shoes, etc.

The next day (December 27, 1776), being two days after our time was out, we received three months' pay,—and glad was I. We were offered twenty-six dollars⁷ to stay six weeks longer, but as I did not enlist for the purpose of remaining in the army, but only through necessity, as I could not get to my parents in Boston, I was determined to quit as soon as my time was out.⁸

⁵ Some of the infantry and light horse fled on the first alarm to Bordentown.

⁶ They had been told that the Americans were a “race of cannibals who would not only tomahawk a poor Hessian and haul off his hide for a drum’s head, but would just as leave barbecue and eat him as they would a pig.”

⁷ This probably refers to Greenwood himself and the ensigncy he would have received.

⁸ Dr. Benjamin Rush writes, December 21, 1776, to R. H. Lee, Esq., a fellow member of Congress, “that the four eastern states will find great difficulty in raising their quota of men, owing to that excessive rage for privateering which now prevails among them, etc.” (“American Archives,” Series 5, Vol. III, p. 1512.)

As our captain had been taken prisoner at the Cedars, I told my lieutenant (Edward Cumston) that I was going home. "My God!" says he, "you are not, I hope, going to leave us, for you are the life and soul of us and are to be promoted to an ensign." I told him I would not stay to be a colonel. I had the itch then so bad that my breeches stuck to my thighs, all the skin being off, and there were hundreds of vermin upon me, owing to a whole month's march and having been obliged, for the sake of keeping warm, to lie down at night among the soldiers who were huddled close together like hogs.

Leonard Parks,⁹ a young fifer-boy, and myself set off to cross the river for Newton. We were both sick, and I from weakness could hardly put one foot before the other, yet we trudged along together, with one blanket, expecting to reach Boston, the route we had to take being about 350 miles. I had thirty-three paper dollars and he had twenty-four, as my wages, being fife-major, were eleven dollars and his eight. After we had crossed the ferry and traveled about half a mile, two mounted officers were seen coming toward us who stopped to speak, when who should one of them prove to be but my own Captain Bliss, who had been taken in Canada by the Indians. "My God!" says I, "how came you here?" He said he had been released at Quebec, came on by water to Philadelphia, and was now going home. He was a very pleasant, good-natured

⁹ L. Parks, of Lincoln, was fifer in 1775 to Captain Nathan Fuller's company, Lieutenant-Colonel William Band's (late Colonel Gardner's) 37th Regiment of Foot. He reënlisted in one of the Massachusetts regiments in 1776 and was on service at times, 1777-8, as fifer in the militia company of Captain Samuel Farrar, of Lincoln, Colonel Eleazor Brook's regiment. Parks was living at Cambridge, Massachusetts (half a mile from the bridge) in November, 1816, at which time his son, twenty-three years of age, had just returned from the East Indies after an absence of five years. (Family letters, etc.)

man, had always treated me like a father, and was now very glad to see me. I told him I was very sick, was returning home if I could only reach there, and begged him to give me his horse, informing him that, as it was nearly good for nothing, he could get a fine one in Trenton, where there were plenty running about the streets. He said he had no money, and if I would give him eleven dollars for the horse I might have him. To this I agreed, and the captain, taking off the saddle and bridle and putting them upon his own shoulders, bade me good-by and left me with my purchase.

"Well," said I, "we have got a horse but no saddle or bridle." There stood the animal, hearing what we had to say of him, and riding him was out of the question, for we were quite sensitive in those parts which were to come in contact with his back,—such a back, too, as sharp as a knife. So I left him with Parks to be careful that he did not run away while I went to a farm-house near by to try and get a saddle and bridle. I do not think, however, there was need of any fear as to our steed's escaping, for he looked as if he had never run in his lifetime, and Don Quixote's Rosinante was a fool compared to him in leanness,—although his hair was thick you could count every rib,—nevertheless he was fierce enough for us who were no horsemen.

When I reached the farm-house I told my story and begged the gift of any kind of an old saddle. With some hemming and hawing the person who lived there told me he had one and sent a boy to bring it. It proved to be an old Dutch saddle, which, made in Noah's ark, had been in use ever since, to judge from its appearance. As there were no stirrups the man rigged up two ropes to answer in their place, and gave me an additional piece of rope to tie around the animal's neck for a bridle, charging me two dollars for the whole. Thus was I fitted out, with my Hessian brass-handled sword with its two tassels and

my war-horse which was to carry two of us for 350 miles.

As the horse was mine I told Parks he should share it with me and we would ride tie and tie; that is, I would ride it two miles, and, tying it in the road, walk on, and when he came up he would mount and overtake me; thus would we go on as far as the horse would carry us, paying for his feed between us. I mounted him first and set off, but the rope stirrups hurting my feet, I had to bear all of my weight upon my body, and, being very sore thereabouts, you may depend I had no very pleasant time of it. When I got off I could hardly stand, but I tied the horse to a post and crawled on half bent and very sore from the old Dutch saddle, which was as hard as iron. In this way we kept on for three or four days, when at last poor Parks gave out and could go no farther, so I was left alone. On I went, sometimes riding, sometimes walking, and finally, near sundown, drew up my horse at a point where two roads diverged at a small angle. Neither was much beaten, and, no house being near, I took the one I thought best, which led me through a thick wood out upon a swamp or meadow. Here my horse stopped and would go no farther—it was about eight o'clock at night and dark as pitch—so I got off and began to bang him, but he would turn around and go another way. "Well," thinks I, "you may go which way you will; I'll follow." So on we went for an hour longer through the woods, the wolves, foxes, or some other creatures making different howlings or noises. I had seen too much danger to be afraid of these, however, and besides my horse was a great deal of company, though I will confess that in my present quandary I had quite forgotten about my ailments. After traveling an hour and a half longer I saw an opening before me, and then a rail fence which I followed until I came to a small farm-house.

In I went and the people were very glad to see me, for they had a son in the army and were delighted with my description of the battle of Trenton, where we had but two or three men killed in the whole affray and took upward of 900 prisoners. I was given a supper of mush and milk and a blanket to lie down on by the fireside, and, rising early to proceed on my journey, the people told me I had missed my road, and, carrying through the fields, showed me the right one. I bade them good-by and continued onward with my old horse, nothing material happening to me until my arrival at a place called King's Ferry¹⁰ on the west side of the Hudson or North River, in the State of New York. Here I was detained three or four days as the river was filled with large cakes of ice; these, however, at last parted in such a way as to leave an opening for the ferry-boat to venture across. The boat had four or five horses in it, besides being filled with passengers, and we just got across in time to jump out, for a large cake of ice, near half a mile long, coming down with the tide, struck the boat and carried it some distance down the river. Some of the horses, I recollect, were then in her, but whether I got mine out or not I have forgotten. This much I do remember, however, that I traveled home on foot from the east side of the North River. When I arrived at my father's house in Boston the first thing done was to bake my clothes and then to anoint me all over with brimstone.

I had then been in the army twenty months and had received during that time only six months' pay for all my services; I have never asked nor applied to Congress for the residue since, and I never shall.

¹⁰ Communication was kept up by means of flatboats with Verplanck's Point on the eastern side; "it was the main crossing place of troops moving between the Eastern and Middle States."

CHAPTER IV

SAILS WITH CAPTAIN MANLEY IN THE *CUMBERLAND*; A PRISONER IN THE BARBADOES; RELEASE AND RETURN HOME

AFTER I had been home two or three months,¹ I began to feel uneasy and wanted to go to sea, so one day I went down on board a privateer-ship of eighteen 6-pounders, called the *Cumberland*, and commanded by that great fighting man, Commodore Manley. The crew was composed of 130 men, and I, then seventeen years of age,² entered as the steward's mate and acted as midshipman. Our intention was to cruise off the island of Barbadoes and intercept the outwardbound West Indian fleet of merchantmen. On the voyage we fell in with a large ship which had become dismasted in a gale of wind while running from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and was, when we came up with her, rolling about like a hogshead, keel out. She had on board a number of British soldiers, some clothing, and wine. These latter articles were taken out, a prize-master³

¹ As before stated in the Introduction (p. xvi), there is a lapse of two years in the narrative, Captain Manley having sailed from Boston early in 1779.

² Should be "nineteen years of age."

³ The prize, a transport with recruits for the Nova Scotia volunteers, was recaptured, when close to Martinique, by the *Venus*, 36, Captain William P. Williams.

appointed, and, having rigged up jury-masts, the vessel was sent to Martinique. This was in the year 1779 (*sic*). A few days after taking the prize we saw the island of Barbadoes and sailed near enough to see three signal flagstaffs at Bridge Town or Carlisle Bay. It was late in the afternoon, so we 'bout ship and stood off from the land with our head to the eastward, under easy sail all night, in expectation of seeing a prize in the morning.

About seven o'clock the next day (circa January 26, 1779), a vessel was seen bearing down toward us with steering-sails set below and aloft; we likewise set all sail upon a wind and stood for her, running in a short time close under her larboard quarter. She proved to be the *Pomona*, frigate, thirty-six guns, 9- and 12-pounders, etc., 300 men, and as we had only eighteen guns, 130 men, we were obliged to try and make our escape. The frigate quickly took in her steering-sails, hauled her wind, and stood after us, but we held her a good tug all day until nine o'clock at night, firing at each other during the chase. One very singular circumstance happened during the day. The captain of the maintop came down into the cockpit for a drink, and as he turned to go back observed that he was certain he should never come down again alive, and it was but a few minutes after he reached the top that a double-headed shot cut him right in half. Sometimes the ships would be within musket-shot of each other, at other times a quarter of a mile apart, depending altogether upon the wind, which was squally; had it been a moderate breeze we should have got clear from them. As night came on it began to blow harder, so the captain thought it best to throw overboard eight of our guns, start some of the water, and clap the ship away three points free. This was no sooner done than the frigate, being right in our wake and within short distance, kept her course, and, shooting close up under our larboard

quarter, gave us four or five double-headed and round shot. Some flew among our rigging and one ball, striking us abaft the fore-chains, went through and through the ship, making her shake again. For some minutes we both lay quiet, the captain of the frigate ordering us to "strike your d——d rebel colors," which I, however, think looked fully as good as their own. At this time we had no national colors, and every ship had the right, or took it, to wear what kind of fancy flag the captain pleased. Our flag I will describe, as I think it a very singular one. First it was a very large white flag with a pine-tree, painted green (27), in the middle of it, and under the tree the representation of a large snake, painted black, coiled into thirteen coils and cut into thirteen pieces, emblematical of the thirteen United States; then under that the motto "Join or Die" was written in large black letters.

During the interval in which they were damning our flag and threatening to sink us, all hands were called aft to arm themselves with swords and pistols for boarding. Both vessels were then under steerageway and very near each other, and as our ship was to leeward of the *Pomona*, Captain Manley intended to clap the helm down and so let the frigate run her head or bow right amidships of us. In this event the *Cumberland* would have been sunk, and he who got out on board the frigate first would be best fellow. I presume we would have had a pretty tight scratch of it, for we had 130 picked men and not a sick one on board; I looked upon us as a match for their 300, and am confident we would have overpowered them, taking them as we should have unexpectedly. But the misfortune of it was that, on opening the arm-chests, not more than thirty cutlasses and a few miserable pikes were found, so the captain gave it up and ordered the colors to be struck. This was no sooner done than the sailors rushed to the store-room, got out the liquor by pails-

Type of the Brig I saw - wings 10' 8" high. The division is black & white.
But I think our Colours. Looked as good as theirs. At this time we
had no collection of Colours. every ship had a right or left. It took
about 8 and a half days flag to appear but several were flying Green & white.
In this of very singular one. first it was on me. Large and tall
with a fine blue painted cap on the right side of it. and under the top
representing like large whale. coiled into 13 coils painted black
and last with 13 black & white stripes. The 13 divided the flag
between the two colors. No. 1 was white black & the others were
black. None have described the flag. As will prove. when in the Hospital
at Boston. Their Captain, our flag a old round bottomed 18 yard
long. By the name of "The Black Bull". A gift of a German Merchant
John D. Gould and painted. & he said he wanted to board
the flag & it was all the both sides. The page says
and a long time ago. That in the way he went. He was so come about
to the place where he had his goods. - so long. and below about a mile so far

ful, and became as drunk as so many devils. The regimental red coats of the British soldiers, which we had taken on our prize, were stowed away in the bread room; these also the sailors got at, for all was now good plunder, and rigged out in them, some too long and some too short, with shirt collars thrown open, tarry trousers, and all different manner of phizés, it would have made a saint laugh to see the men tumbling about.

Meanwhile the frigate kept constantly hailing us to hoist out our boat and bring the captain on board, threatening to sink us if we did not obey; but as all discipline was now at an end not a sailor would get down the tackles. At last the petty officers made out to lower the small jolly-boat and our captain and two men went aboard the frigate, but had no sooner left their boat than it was dashed against the frigate's main-chains and stove to pieces, for the sea was running very high at the time. The *Pomona* was obliged to get out her long-boat to take off our men, numbers of whom were now lying about the deck in their long red coats, dead drunk. When the British officer came aboard he exclaimed: "D—— your bloods! I believe you are all soldiers. Come, come, tumble into the boat and be d——d to you! Bear a hand!" Some attempted to get in, others were taken up and thrown into the boat like dead hogs. I could not refrain from laughing, for I do not think I ever saw so funny a sight.

I tied up a few pounds of chocolate, a little sugar, and some biscuit in a handkerchief, put some clothes in a small bag, and jumped into the boat with the rest. As soon as we were on board the frigate we were mustered on the quarter-deck and the master-at-arms was ordered to search us and take away all our knives. He obeyed his order punctually and with precision, for he took good care to secure everything else that we had in our pockets. A young midshipman with a very de-

mure, innocent-looking face came up to me and told me to give my things into his charge, as he would take good care of them for me; he did so, for I never saw them again. Well, after having been plundered of everything, we were driven into the lower hold, among the cables, water-casks, and the devil knows what, for it was as dark as pitch and as hot as an oven. Here we were stowed so close that we had no room to stand, sit, or lie, except partly on each other, for with the exception of the captain, doctor, first and second lieutenants, and captain's clerk, we had all, officers and men, to the number of 125, been placed indiscriminately together. The sailors, being for the most part drunk, were soon snoring, but I could not sleep, could in fact scarcely breathe owing to the excessive heat, as we were now in the West India climate. Presently I ventured to climb up a post that had notches in it, and sat down on the edge of the hatchway, which was open, to get a little air. I soon found the sentry to be asleep, however, so passed by him and, groping my way to the scuttle leading to the boatswain's store-room, down I went. As I was descending I put my foot, I presume, upon a rolled up steering-sail, but at the time I thought it was a dead man and that a number of them had been put there so that the funeral services might be said over them on the morrow, preparatory to launching them overboard. What made me think this was that we had had a fair chance all day, at times, to fire our stern-chasers plump into her forecastle,—in short, if we had not cut away her rigging as we did, she would have taken us before. You may imagine that I scampered up the hole faster than I went down and resumed my seat on the edge or combings of the hatchway, near the sentry who was still asleep. Although I knew that he would drive me down into the hold again if I woke him up, and perhaps run his bayonet through me, I pitied him, knowing that if caught asleep on his post he would be whipped, re-

ceiving from one to two hundred lashes, so I ran the risk and awakened him. The first words he said were: "For God's sake, go down into the hold!" I begged him to let me sit there awhile, but he said it was as much as his life was worth to do it, and that I must go down, so down I went into the oven again and toughed it out with the rest of them without a drop of water to cool our tongues. Neither did we have a drop until the next day at eleven o'clock. Judge for yourself how dry and thirsty the majority of our men must have been, who were so confoundedly drunk when first put down into the hold.

The next day was what is called "banyan-day," that is, the whole ship's crew have a pea-soup without meat for dinner. At eleven o'clock they gave us some water to drink which was slimy and stank as badly as excrement, and at noon the cook, or some other devil, came to the hatchway with a large tub of boiled peas, as thin as water. At this time as many as could get there were crowded under the hatchway to get a little breath of air, so the old fellow, as he lowered the tub down, cried out: "Hello, below there! Clear the way! Scaldings, scaldings, and be d——d to you, my boys!" As soon as the tub was down every one who could get nigh tried to obtain some of the peas, but we had nothing either to put them in or to dip them out with, so at last they lent us a tin pot, when we were a little better off. With the peas they gave us some broken biscuit full of worm holes, which was in fact the mere shadow of bread. As I had nothing to get the peas in I took my hat, knocked the crown in with my fist, and receiving some of the mess in the rude bowl thus formed, ate it out with my mouth like a hog when it was cool. Thus were we treated for three or four days, remaining all the while in the ship's hold, until our arrival⁴ in Barbadoes harbor (28), when we were mustered on deck to be transported ashore.

⁴ January 29, 1779.

When we were landed and were going up to the prison,⁵ the negro slaves were permitted to throw stones at us; which they did, saying: "There goes the New Gengelan (England) men that used to fetch fish here for us with one eye," meaning split mackerel; for when herrings were dealt out to them they received a whole one, but they never had more than half a mackerel at a time, as they were a larger fish. We were now conducted into the prison yard, which was surrounded by walls on the top of which had been placed broken bottles mixed with mortar, to prevent any person getting over. Here we were kept, under a hot sun, from noon until sundown, when they told us we must all go down into the dungeon. This we did although we had not received a mouthful to eat during the whole day. Some Spanish and French prisoners whom they had, were permitted to be kept in the upper rooms, but as we were called "rebels" they chose to punish us more severely.

Our dungeon consisted of three apartments connected together, the floors of which were nothing but mud and clay, and, on account of the heavy rains prevalent in the West Indies, the water had settled in the center of these to the depth of two inches. Every part of the place was at times wet and damp, yet here on the ground we were obliged to lie, having been robbed of everything except what we had on our backs. We had nothing to eat until the next day, when each man received some meat and three potatoes, though my share of the former article I could have swallowed in two mouthfuls. No bread was furnished us, nor do I recollect that they gave us a particle during the five months we were kept on the island.

⁵ The common jail at Bridgetown, in which prisoners of war were confined, was destroyed in the hurricane of October 10, 1780. The Government had made no provision for maintaining the prisoners, and the governor of the island, the Honorable Edward Hay, advanced considerable sums for their support.

An amusing circumstance occurred when we were first put in the dungeon, which I will now relate. We had among us a boatswain whose name was Jack Brady; he was a very cross, severe man when on board, and as he would often strike the seamen unnecessarily, they owed him a grudge. When we had all fairly got down into the place, which was as dark as pitch, one fellow called out for Jack Brady, and as soon as he answered to his name, some one knocked him down, which presently brought on a general battle, for he would strike out indiscriminately. Thus, keeping it up and passing the blows round, they would knock each other over into the water until, what with bloody noses, mud, and clay, they were besmeared all over.

The next day we were all mustered out into the prison yard to undergo an examination, as they intended to pick out as many of our fellows as they pleased and put them on board the different men-of-war then lying in the harbor. The yard was filled with people who came from curiosity to see the "rebels," for many of them were fools enough to think we were a different kind of animal from themselves. (If we were not we must have been miserable creatures indeed, for the Creoles, as they are called, are a poor set of shabby fellows; I mean the lower class.) As we had been informed by the turnkeys that the officers were coming to distribute us through the fleet, five or six of us had, during the night, tried to break through the wall and make our escape into the town; but just as we had nearly accomplished our design, the patrol discovered us and we were obliged to stop. I then determined to try another scheme to prevent myself alone from being taken away, for I had rather have stayed where I was than go on board a man-of-war. When we were called out into the yard on the morrow, such a spectacle as our men presented was, I presume, never seen,—blood and dirt from head to heels, some with their eyes and some

with their noses swelled up, etc. They selected sixty-odd of us, myself among the rest, and then drove us all together down into the dungeon again, saying they meant to take us away the next day at eleven o'clock. On the succeeding day, at ten o'clock, I called to our doctor, who had the liberty of the yard, and told him I wanted an emetic, which I meant to take to prevent my being carried on board a man-of-war. The doctor had been allowed to keep his medicine-chest, so he got me what I wanted, and I took it, but as it did not work readily and the drums had begun to beat, I asked the doctor for another dose. He gave it to me and I swallowed it immediately. In a few minutes, and just as the soldiers who were coming after us marched into the prison yard, the emetic I had taken began to operate. I thought I should have thrown up my entrails and shall never forget how sick I was. Two lackeys or turnkeys dragged me out of the dungeon and supported me between them, for I could hardly stand, while the others were driven out. As I was very young I had been chosen by a particular officer who, however, did not now recognize me, and on being told upon inquiry where I was, he reprimanded the turnkeys severely for their usage, etc., and left me. Sixty-odd of us were taken away and the remainder returned to the dungeon, where for about a month we stayed, starving in the old way, before anything material happened.

The captain, doctor, lieutenant, and captain's clerk were not confined in the dungeon, but were allowed their liberty night and day. In the middle of the small grate which admitted air and a little light to our apartment was an ironwood support, and the doctor one evening gave me a small saw to remove this with. As the instrument, however, had a brass back, being such a one as is used to take off limbs with, there yet remained about an inch only of the wood which we could not get through after sawing upon each side of the post, and

we were therefore obliged to relinquish our design of getting out. The plan was concocted by Captain Manley and communicated only to a few of us petty officers, as it would have been dangerous for the whole of us to attempt escaping at one time. The captain had procured ropes and constructed a ladder to throw over the prison wall, by which means we were to effect our escape into the town. Our part of the plan failed as I have related, but Captain Manley, the doctor, lieutenant, and clerk succeeded in reaching the town, and although a number of men-of-war and other vessels were lying in the harbor, they took a schooner and, running through the whole of them, got off clear. The saw was so thin that the jail keeper never found out that we had attempted to make our escape, and we were treated pretty much in the same old way; but after a confinement of about four months and a half in the dungeon they put us into one of the upper rooms; I think there were perhaps sixty of us left out of the original one hundred and twenty-five (29).

One night we heard a great noise outside, and on going to the window to look down in the yard of the prison where the alarm drum was beating, we saw, as it was moonlight, the whole place filled with people of all descriptions. Of these some were armed with guns and others with swords, clubs, and even spits, and they all appeared to be very courageous and ready to attack poor, unarmed, half-starved prisoners; it would have made you laugh to see them and to hear the threats which they used toward us. All this bustle and confusion, however, was occasioned by some thirty Spanish prisoners⁶ who were in a room above us, a quarrel among them having ended in their fighting and stabbing each other with their knives. Mr. Callender, the prison keeper, opened the front door and let the mob

⁶ About this time Don Pedro de San Jago's Spanish Regiment of Aragon was here confined.

into the entry, or hall, which led to our room. I must observe that the doors of the rooms in the West India prison are not solid, but made like a grate, with iron, so as to give air, the holes or squares being big enough to put your head through. The mob, thinking we were trying to escape, surrounded our door and, had the jailer permitted them to have got in, I really believe they would have killed some of us.

Determined to sell our lives as dear as possible we prepared to meet them. We first brought close up to the door a half-barrel or tub which had been placed in the room for the accommodation of several of our men who were at the time very sick, and five or six of us stood ready with tin pots to greet the enemy if they attempted to unlock the door. We were likewise armed with black or junk-bottles which, holding by the necks, we intended to dash against the grated door so that the fragments would fly among them. They saw our warlike preparations and when we stirred up our ammunition, afraid of catching the jail-distemper and almost suffocated, they soon left the doorway clear, —we were used to it, however, and did not mind it. So you see these brave, daring fellows were fairly driven off without even the smell of gunpowder or the appearance of a single weapon. They then went up-stairs where the Spanish prisoners were, but dared not enter the room, and Mr. Callender thereupon opened our door, after inquiring if we would venture among the combatants to quell them. Up we went, without arms, and soon quieted them, and taking the ring-leader, or head of the disturbance, who was then stabbed in the breast with a knife, shut the door and brought him down. The jail keeper put him in irons, hands and feet, and placing a heavy chain around his neck, drew his head down close to his feet, which brought him almost double like a ball, as it were. He was then thrown

into what they called the “dark hole,”—bad enough you may depend.

A short time after this last event happened we were informed that a cartel, or vessel to release us, had been sent from Martinique, a French island. We were accordingly conducted on board, carried to the island, and landed at Port St. Pierre (30).

When put on shore I had neither hat, coat, shoes, nor stockings, and only half a pair of trousers, half a shirt, and about half a pound of pork which I carried in the bosom of it. I walked alone away from the houses along the beach, and pulled off my wardrobe; washed that first and laid it on the sand to dry, and then proceeded to do the same by my own self. As I was thus engaged, with my head to the land, I heard a voice hallooing: “Jack! Jack Greenwood! Here, my boy, come out of the water.” I did not at first even look around, supposing it was one of my fellow prisoners. As my intention was to enter on board a French privateer-schooner which was then lying in the harbor, I felt myself entirely independent. (This I always did feel, however, and can safely say I never have been what is called melancholy or dissatisfied, but always took things as they came; good and bad, of course, were the same to me, and are so now.) Well, I turned around and saw an old schoolmate of mine, J. D——e, who was mate of a Boston brig then lying in the harbor and commanded by my father’s cousin, Captain W——w.⁷ D——e, who is now captain of a vessel belonging to this port and resides here with his family, soon conducted me on board the brig, where I was made welcome. After a few days, during which time I had been

⁷ Probably (Isaac) Winslow; a captain of this name commanded in 1777 the schooner *Anna*, belonging to Mr. Samuel Pitts, running from Boston to Martinique, and the Newport *Mercury* of May 27, 1780, announces arrival of Captain Winslow on the 20th, at Boston, in twenty-two days from Dominica, a small island between Guadeloupe and Martinique.

on and off shore occasionally, I was taken quite sick and full of pains, owing, I presume, to a different course of living. The doctor came on board and bled me and, with my vigorous constitution, I soon recovered.

Captain W——w procured me a passage homeward, to a place called Piscataway,⁸ about sixty miles east of Boston, and to defray my expenses in reaching the latter place when I should have arrived he likewise gave me a tierce of molasses. I went on board the brig which was commanded by one Captain Roach of Piscataway, as big a villain as ever I saw, and I have had an opportunity of seeing many. The vessel was very leaky and badly provided with everything, sails, rigging, provisions, etc., nevertheless I was glad of an opportunity to reach home soon, for I wanted to get at the enemy again and pay them off the old score. On our passage home the pumps were kept going all the time, and this, together with the working of the vessel, fairly wore the men out, so that, what with bad treatment, the yellow fever, and all together, nearly the whole crew died. I was pretty well seasoned to all manner of complaints, as I had served a good apprenticeship in the prison, and therefore I stood the voyage tolerably well; the want of provisions I was used to and did not mind.

When off New York, or rather the south side of Long Island, in latitude about forty degrees north, we were espied one day by a privateer-sloop. Our vessel had a deep waist with port-holes for guns but did not mount any, so while the enemy was chasing and reconnoitering us, I made five or six wooden guns from some pieces of joist by spiking them together and roughly chopping into shape. I then nailed a piece of board on the back of them, opened the port-holes, and fastened them on the inside,—at a distance they looked like guns. We then got dirty blankets up into the fore and maintops

⁸ In the vicinity of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

for top armor, and nailing a piece of board across some handspikes for arms, we placed our jackets on them to make it appear as though we had a number of men on board. When cleverly fixed we shortened sail and hove our maintopsail to the mast, although there was not a gun on board to my remembrance. The privateer then ventured to come a little closer, though still keeping at quite a respectable distance, we meanwhile walking between and passing our effigies or false men, so that at last the enemy got afraid of us, hauled his wind, and went off.

In a few days we arrived at our destined port, at a time when the famous Penobscot expedition was fitting out from Boston. An officer from the United States ship-of-war *Hampden*,⁹ then lying in the harbor of Piscataway, was soon alongside of our brig to press men for the expedition, but when he came on board and found some of our crew sick and dying, he flew from us like a bird and left us. At one time a sailor who lay in his hammock next to me caught hold of my left arm while I was asleep and tore the wristband from my shirt. I awoke and in a moment dealt him such a blow with my right that he let go,—poor fellow, he was dying but I did not know it.

I went on shore, sold my tierce of molasses, and traveled home on foot. No emperor or king could feel so happy as I then was, and there is a good and true saying that no person ever knows what happiness or pleasure is without first seeing adversity. Even in adversity there is pleasure, which exists chiefly in our dispositions, or rather in the virtue of contentment. As

⁹ The New Hampshire ship *Hampden*, 22, Captain Salter, and the Massachusetts ship *Hunter*, 20, Captain Brown, were the only two vessels of the expedition secured, August 14, 1779, by the enemy's squadron under Sir George Collier. The rest were all burned or blown up by the Americans, including the United States frigate *Warren*, 32, on which their commodore, Captain Dudley Saltonstall, had hoisted his striped flag and broad pennant.

this is not the gift of every one, there are many who find fault even with the all-bountiful God, whereas did they but pay a little attention they would quickly find out that the cause of all their pretended troubles lies in themselves alone. Whoever reads these lines which I have hastily written will, I hope, profit by them; learn to be ever contented, as it is always against you to be otherwise, and never be the cause of awakening discontent in others. Always suffer yourself rather than offend another; this I well know is, as it were, an impossible thing, yet nevertheless we may in a measure mitigate our faults, which it is in the nature of every one to have,—he that is without them, as the Scriptures say, let him heave the first stone.

CHAPTER V

SAILS WITH CAPTAIN D. PORTER IN THE *TARTAR*;
MANY PRIZES TAKEN; VESSEL SINKS AT PORT-AU-
PRINCE; RETURNS IN THE *GENERAL LINCOLN*,
CAPTAIN J. CARNES; IS CAPTURED AND TAKEN TO
NEW YORK; ELUDES IMPRISONMENT AND AGAIN
REACHES BOSTON

On my arrival home I was taken very ill and confined to my bed for many days, but at length recovered. As I was naturally very active, however, I could not long content myself while my fellow-countrymen were abroad contending for their freedom, so I entered on board a ship (the *Tartar*), twenty-eight double-fortified 6-pounders, with a crew of 150 good fellows, commanded by Captain D. Porter (31), of Boston. I served as master-at-arms. This was in the month of November; the year I forget, but I think it must have been 1778 or 1779. We had orders to cruise off New York, but unfortunately we were blown by a gale of wind into the Gulf Stream. The wind, being at northeast, was directly against the current, thus making a terrible cross sea which hove up mountains high. It continued to blow six days and nights and the pumps were kept constantly at work, for, with four feet of water in the hold and the ship so old and crazy, we expected to go to the bottom every moment. Soon the gallows that bore up the

spar-deck gave way. I was on the gangway trying to support it, or at least help support it, when one of the spars struck me, and if I had not caught hold of the gangway rail, it would have knocked me overboard. It was at night, dark as pitch, and they cried out that I was overboard, but I told them I was safe. The gale at last abated, and Captain Porter, thinking our ship was not fit to cruise off New York in the winter season, concluded to go to the West Indies.

Off the island of Jamaica we very soon took three prizes and carried them up to Port-au-Prince in Hispaniola, into which place, after refitting our ship and proceeding to Jamaica again, we presently brought some more prizes. Our ship was so old, crazy, and leaky that we were obliged to nail strips of rawhide over the seams of her upper works in order to keep the oakum in place. For six months we continued cruising round the island of Jamaica, landing sometimes twice a week, in fact as often as we felt inclined to do so, to procure fresh provisions such as hogs, sheep, and poultry. This was in spite of the great vigilance and superiority of the British cruisers, for our vessel was always disguised in such a manner that they could never tell where we were, from any information given them from the shore. At times her sides would be painted black or yellow or red, occasionally we would run our guns in, strike the topgallantmast, and appear like a ship in distress; and we had a number of such manœuvres for deception.

Our first lieutenant was Major P——y,¹ of Rhode Island, a brave, good-natured man. One night I accompanied him in our seven-oared barge, going ashore on the island of Jamaica for a frolic, as we always called it. There were thirteen of us in the party, all officers, and I think of pretty good spunk. While the

¹Probably one of the Perry family of South Kingston, Rhode Island.

ship lay to, a small distance from the shore, we landed and, leaving two of our number to keep the barge off the surf, eleven of us proceeded along the shore, each being armed with a man-of-war cutlass and a small gun. On we sauntered, passing several plantation houses at some distance from the water, until one of our party, S. Harris, observed to our lieutenant that he saw a flagstaff, for the moon shone as bright as day. The lieutenant asked him if he was afraid; he answered, "Not at all. I only mentioned it that you might be informed." "Well," says the lieutenant, "all of you sit down under the bushes and I will go and see what it is." We were then about three miles from our boat. In half an hour the lieutenant returned and informed us that the place was nothing but a small fort with a parcel of Creoles or West Indians in it, and that there was a brig lying in front of it; if we liked, he said, we could take the fort and cut out the brig. This we all agreed to do. "Now," says he, "be careful and don't fire until you get right in amongst them; then fire, draw your swords, and have at them; we will quick drive them out of the fort."

On we went, six of us on one side of the road and five on the other, and when we came up to the fort we rushed right into it. The sentry fired and they all ran out from the back part into a sugar-cane field. The fort mounted seven guns and had been garrisoned by fifty-odd men. After a few moments they began to fire their small arms into the fort. Some of us were in the guard-house at the time, and I observed to the lieutenant that it would be best to spike the cannon, but, unfortunately, we had nothing to do this with. We were in possession of the place about a quarter of an hour when one, Bob Henry, asked the lieutenant what we were to do. He answered, "We must scout mozzy and run fezer!" ² that is, we must

²This seems like the phonetic rendering of a Dutch phrase.

get to the boat as quick and as well as we could. So we all started and ran, the enemy flanking us in the bushes. These soon served as a place of concealment for Jack Taylor, an Englishman who had given out, and then for Sam Harris, a Bostonian who gave out and hid himself. At last we reached our boat and in we tumbled, but just as the last fellow was getting in a ball struck him in the neck. However, we quickly rowed to the ship, made sail, and stood off. The way we came to know how many were in the fort was that Sam Harris, in about four or five weeks, got clear from them and came up to Port-au-Prince, where our rendezvous was. He told us there were fifty-odd men in the fort, who, from the noise we made, took us for Spaniards from the island of Cuba, and had run out thinking there were at least 200 of us. When they found out we were but eleven in all, they were astonished at our boldness.

At length while cruising about we saw a small schooner, and giving chase came up with and took her. She proved to be a pirate mounting swivels on the combings of her hatchways—a Spaniard from the island of Cuba. The crew was taken out and we manned her ourselves, I being appointed second in command. With the schooner we went near the shore, behind a cape or point of land not far from a place called, I think, Black River, in the island of Jamaica, while our ship kept off some distance with British colors flying. As the drogers came round the point and saw us they would haul off to our ship for protection, thinking it was an English vessel, so that in a few days we took eleven sail of vessels, brigs, sloops, and one ship of eighteen guns (32), and carried them all into Port-au-Prince. We made about thirty prizes during the whole cruise. We concluded finally to fit our ship at Port-au-Prince, run down once more to Jamaica, cruise a little while, and then go home through

the Gulf Stream between the island of Cuba and Cape Florida. Early one morning, however, as we were coming out of the Bight of Logan (Leogane) and nearly up with Cape Tibaroone (Tiburon), we saw three ships-of-war which were sent from Jamaica to take us. I must here observe that our ship sailed very fast, for we had been frequently chased by a superior force which could not overtake us. As soon as the ships were discovered to be men-of-war, we wore ship and stood back for Port-au-Prince, but they brought the sea breeze in with them and began to come up with us very fast, so that we were obliged to run into a small place called Petit Goave. As we went in our ship struck on the rocks and began to leak so badly that in a short time there were four feet of water in the hold. Meanwhile the fort on shore commenced firing on the English ships, thus keeping them off at a distance, and they, seeing us among the rocks, finally quitted us and went off. We got our ship safely off and went up to Port-au-Prince, but were there only a short time when she sank to the bottom and was lost, the crew being obliged to shift for themselves as well as they could.

For my part I got on board a letter-of-marque brig (the *General Lincoln*) bound for Salem in the State of Massachusetts, commanded by Captain (John) Carnes (33). She mounted six guns, 6-pounders, and took on board nine of our men, so that in all her crew I think we had about twenty-five. As the vessel leaked very much I, being handy with tools, was often employed in rigging and leathering the pump-boxes, so they called me carpenter. When we had got into latitude about 35° N., or somewhere off the capes of Philadelphia, we saw a ship in chase of us called the *Iris*,³ of about

³ This vessel, one of the fastest in the British navy, was formerly the Continental frigate *Hancock*, 32, Captain John Manley, captured July 8, 1777.

twenty guns. Our brig sailed very well, but at length the frigate came so near that we could fire at her with our stern-chaser, and at it we went. After a while she ranged up alongside and we were ordered to strike the rebel flag or they would sink us, so the flag was struck and, our boat not being fit for service, they hoisted out their own boat and came on board. Every one of us was taken off; "Not a d——d rebel shall stay on board!" they said, the reason being that they had taken an American privateer and one or two of her crew, left on board, had blown up themselves, the prize-crew, and the vessel all together. However, when they found the brig leaked very much and heard there was a carpenter, as they called me, on board, I was returned to the vessel to repair the pumps, etc. These I forthwith began to make myself very busy in examining, for I would rather be on board the prize than stowed away in the hold of a ship-of-war, treated like a dog or ten times worse. In a few days we arrived together at New York; the ship-of-war dropped her anchor abreast the Battery and we went up the East River and dropped our anchor abreast the Fly Market,⁴ near what they called the Commissary's Wharf.

As soon as the anchor was down arrangements were made for hauling the brig in, and for this purpose warps or ropes were carried to the wharf, which at this time was crowded with people from the market who had come to look at the rebel prize. Just as the brig was within ten yards of the wharf a boat from the *Iris* came alongside with an officer who had been sent after me, for they thought I was a real carpenter. As he came on deck he inquired where the carpenter of the brig was; I stood near him and answered im-

⁴ This market, from the Dutch word "Vlaie," meadow or valley, was at the end of Maiden Lane, and was the most important one in the city.

mediately, "Here, sir!" "Well, my lad," says he, "get your duds (meaning clothes) and jump into the boat alongside." I answered with a seemingly good will, "Yes, sir!" and seeing that I appeared very willing, he took no further notice of me but went into the cabin and sat down with the prize-master, who began to treat him with some of our captain's cordials, brought from the West Indies. I, while they were talking and drinking right in sight, took my quadrant, a large book called a "Quarter-Waggoner," my clothes, and a mattress stuffed with cotton, and, dallying a little, stood ready to make my escape from them when the brig was just by the wharf. My plan was this: I knew that as soon as the brig touched she would be filled with people to see the rebel prize, as I presume there were not less than 200 on the wharf. It happened just as I expected; they jumped on board and I, seizing the opportunity, crowded in between them, stepped ashore, and got clear, unseen by the man-of-war's men, and leaving the lieutenant to find me if he could.

I walked moderately along Water Street as far as Burling Slip, then turned to the left into Queen (now Pearl) Street, and went up Golden Hill (now John Street). The first place I stopped at was Mr. Turk's,⁵ the turner's shop in Nassau Street, the only person I had any knowledge of in New York, as I thought. The way I came to know him was that he made a set of fifes for our regiment when I was a fife-major. He asked me where I came from; I told him from the West Indies and evaded every other question as well as I could, as I found he was on the British side; nevertheless he was a good man, or one whom I should call a timid, peaceable

⁵ Ahasuerus Turk, Jr., instrument maker, a freeman of the city, October 1, 1765, headed his craft in the Federal Procession of July 23, 1788, and was living, 1796, at 36 Nassau Street. He was a turner and musical instrument maker.

person. I then recalled that there was a person in New York by the name of Hill,⁶ the king's head baker, and that he was a friend of my father, who favored the English. I inquired of Mr. Turk if he knew Mr. Hill. He said he did and that he lived near by in King (now Pine) Street, next door to the French Church. Off I started in search and found him standing at the door, dressed in his red coat. I knew his face immediately and accosted him with, "How do you do, Mr. Hill?" "Who are you?" was his answer, for he did not recognize me. I told him my name was Greenwood. "Oho!" says he, "you are my friend Greenwood's rebel son John." "Sir," said I, "I am your friend's son John. Will you be so kind as to let me stay a few days in your house, as I have no home nor a farthing of money in my pocket?" He asked where I came from; I told him, evading his questions as I had done before with Mr. Turk, so that he could not tell whether I belonged to the British side or not. I was acquainted with his son John and his daughters, and in a few days, after I had got familiar with them and found I could talk freely, I informed him how I had made my escape from the English, etc. It startled him at first, but he soon got reconciled and proposed contriving some way that I might get home. He first said I had better enter on board a merchantman in the British service, but I told him I could not think of such a thing. As luck would have it there was a man who lived in Little Queen (now Cedar) Street, a chaplain in the army and an acquaintance of my father and Mr. Hill, and between the

⁶ Twenty barrels of flour were found in William Hill's bake-house after the British had evacuated Boston in March, 1776; he went to Halifax, joined the army, and appears to have come back with the English to New York, eventually settling at Shelburne, Nova Scotia. Francis Hill sold provisions, flour, etc., at 22 King Street, next house to Governor Franklin's, as per *Rivington's Gazette*, the French Church being No. 20 on the same street.

two they made out to have me returned a prisoner of war to the commissary of prisoners, Mr. Sproat (34).

I must here remark what a situation I was in whilst living in New York, which was about six weeks. As I observed before, I had no money, but my mattress being stuffed with cotton, which was then scarce, I thought I could get something for it, and accordingly carried it to Mr. Watkeys (35), the tallow-chandler who lived opposite the New Church in Nassau Street, being the same man who was burnt out. He bought of me, though what he gave I cannot recollect, but presume as much as it was worth, for I always thought him an honest man. However, let it be more or let it be less, it was all I had to buy my little notions with, and I stood in need of money, being sick and weak for more than a fortnight before I was permitted to go home. There was a cartel bound for New London lying in the East River, and on board of her I was allowed to go and scrabble with the rest of the prisoners as well as I could. Arriving in a few days, I sold my quadrant for eight or ten dollars, and then had to travel home on foot to Boston.

CHAPTER VI

AGAIN SAILS WITH CAPTAIN PORTER, ON THE *AURORA*, AND LATER ON THE *RACE HORSE*, CAPTAIN N. THAYER; CARRIES A PRIZE BRIG INTO TOBAGO; BUYS A SCHOONER, TRADES ON THE CHESAPEAKE, AND IS TAKEN BY JOE WALEN'S GALLEY *REVENGE*; RECOVERS HIS SCHOONER AND REACHES BALTIMORE WITH THE PRIZE-CREW

I WAS taken very ill for a few weeks and was confined to the house, but had no sooner recovered when I started on a letter-of-marque ship (the *Aurora*) of sixteen guns, bound to Port-au-Prince in the island of Hispaniola, and commanded by my former captain, David Porter. We arrived safe,¹ unloaded our vessel, and while taking on a cargo of sugar bound for Old France a heavy squall came, fairly upset our ship, and she sank to the bottom. I was at the time in a very dangerous situation, for I had been taken sick a few hours before, and, being an officer, my hammock had been slung under the half-deck, directly over one

¹ On the voyage down Captain Porter overhauled the wreck of the 64-gun ship *Stirling Castle*, dismantled in the late hurricane of October 10, off Cape Nicola Mole, only four men remaining alive on board, all the rest of her large crew having perished. Under Captain Carkett this vessel, in Sir George B. Rodney's fleet, had led the line on the starboard tack in the fight of April 17, 1780, with the Count de Ginchen. (*Massachusetts Spy*, December 21, 1780.)

of the guns. The doctor having given me some medicine I had gone to sleep, when a great noise on deck awakened me. I asked a tailor who sat at work near by me what was the matter, but the same moment the ship rolled her gun-ports nearly under on the side opposite to where I lay, and as I saw this I caught hold of the side gun-bolts and got through the port-hole. As she lay on her beam-ends the men, to save themselves, ran out on the masts, which kept her down and allowed the water to pour into the hatchways like a torrent and with a noise of thunder, so that she soon went down in the middle of the harbor. We were surrounded by numerous boats which had collected, on seeing the accident, to pick the men up, but numbers were left swimming for their lives. Eight men were in the hold; some got out and some were drowned. In about a fortnight we raised her, again loaded her, and went to L'Orient in France, returning from there to Boston.²

After that I went as second mate on a letter-of-marque brig out of Boston, commanded by Captain T——r (36), mounting six guns and bound to Tobago³ in the West Indies. One night during our passage, being on deck in what is called the morning watch, I saw a sail bearing down on us, evidently with the intention of speaking. I let her come pretty close as she appeared to be in distress, and then went down into the cabin to awaken the captain and tell him that we had a prize nearly alongside. He was so frightened that he jumped out of his berth, undressed as he was, and said, "D——n it! do you want to be taken prisoner again? Order the yards to be squared

² The *Aurora* left L'Orient April 24, and reached Boston May 20, 1781.

³ The island of Tobago was surrendered to a French fleet by Lieutenant-Governor Fergusson, June 2, 1781, and was not retaken by the English till April 14, 1793.

and run away from her!" He actually had the yards squared and stood away, when, finding that our vessel could outsail her, he ordered us to brace up and haul our wind. In a short time we were alongside, when the strange vessel hoisted English colors and then struck them without our having occasion to fire a single gun. She proved to be a brig bound from Rhode Island to Turks Islands for a load of salt, and had been captured by the British sloop-of-war *Hornet*,⁴ but the English officer, put on board as prize-master, was so ignorant of navigation that he did not know where he was, and had so long been looking for the island of Barbadoes that there was not a mouthful of bread remaining on board. "Well," says my captain, "since you have found the prize, you must command her and carry her to the port we are bound to." I told him I had no objections and that I would take her to any friendly port he pleased; so he gave me five men and I went on board and took the command.

The captain's brig sailing faster than mine and night coming on, we lost sight of him, but I still kept on my course after him, and about midnight we espied a vessel close aboard of us. As good luck would have it there was a very large man-of-war's trumpet on board, and the brig was provided with one large swivel-gun mounted on one of the timber-heads forward. The latter I ordered to be loaded with a strong charge and two balls, and then went forward and hailed them, ordering them to heave to directly or I would sink them. It was so dark they could not see what we were and made no answer, so I then ordered Russel to fire the gun at them. He took a brand's end out of the caboose and fired her; she made a noise equal to a 4-pounder and, splitting the timber-head she was fastened to all to pieces, flew clear across the deck. No sooner was this done than the vessel made

⁴ *Hornet*, fourteen guns, commanded by Francis Tinsley.

sail from us as fast as she could, and I got clear of her.

The next day, about ten o'clock, I saw a sail ahead which proved to be our brig, and when we were come up with her the captain said he thought we had been taken, for he was chased by a privateer. I told him that I had frightened the privateer away, presuming it was the same one that had reconnoitered us, and when I showed him the timber-head split to pieces, he laughed heartily at such a caper.

In a few days we arrived at Tobago, discharged our cargo, sold our prize, reloaded the brig, and proceeded on our voyage, bound to Baltimore and from there back to Boston. As I did not like, however, to sail with such a captain, who was afraid of his own shadow, and as, from the voyage having been altered to return to the West Indies, I was at liberty to go with him or not, as I pleased, I quitted him. I had plenty of money and accordingly proposed to the first mate (whose name was Myrick) that, as he also did not like the captain, we should leave together and purchase between us a small schooner to carry freight to different ports on the Chesapeake Bay.

A schooner of about forty tons burthen was accordingly procured, of which I owned two thirds, so that we were both captains. We hired one man to go with us, and the freight that offered was a load of Indian corn. We took it in but, not being acquainted with that article, never "chined the ceiling," that is, stopped the cracks to prevent the corn from getting to the pumps. This corn we were to carry to some iron-works at a place called Elkridge-Landing, up a river of which I now forget the name,⁵ and we were directed to follow another schooner which was going in company with us. The latter set off, but as our keg had no water in it I had to go and fill it. This I did, but on

⁵ The Patapsco River, nine miles southwest of Baltimore.

returning stopped to get a pint of porter and stayed rather too long, so that the schooner got out of sight. My partner began to swear and said, "How shall we find the place?" I told him by looking after it; that as we had the name of the place, that was enough. So I set sail, stood out of the basin, and proceeded on. After we had gone some distance out I saw a boat and made toward her, proposing to my partner that we should ask where the place was we were bound to. "No," says he, "I'll be d——d if I do!" "Well," said I, "how shall we find it, then?" He was a complete seaman and could not bear to ask such a question. "All right," I said, "then I will ask." When we told them our situation, they politely gave us every necessary information, and away we went in search of our port, and at last entered and proceeded up the river. Night coming on a monstrous storm arose, and it began to blow from the northeast with rain, thunder, and lightning, but as it was a fair wind we carried sail to it haphazard. Pretty soon we could not see except it was by the assistance of the sharp flashes of lightning, and at last the river became winding and crooked and our vessel ran aground, plump on a sand-point, hard and fast. We had a very small, flat-bottomed boat made of boards, not much bigger than a coffin, into the stern of which I took the anchor, placed some coils of the cable in the bow, and then shoved the boat out astern, so as to try and haul the schooner off the same way she got on. When I went toward the anchor, however, to pitch it over, the boat, by reason of the additional weight in this portion of it, sank and turned me into the water; but being a good swimmer I did not mind it, and soon got on board the schooner again with the boat safe. By the help of the lightning we saw a house on shore, about a mile distant, so I took the boat and proceeded to procure assistance, but the wind blew so hard I could not get

off to our vessel again before morning, by which time the storm had abated. As it cleared away, to my great satisfaction I saw that the schooner had swung off the point and was riding by the stern-anchor. I went on board, found my partner asleep and many things afloat in the cabin, for the vessel leaked, and the pumps being choked with corn he could not relieve her. Elkridge-Landing being but a few miles distant from where we ran ashore, we soon got there, discharged our freight, and returned to Baltimore. Myrick said he would rather make a West India voyage than take another such trip, so sold his part of the schooner to one Mr. W——b, of Fell's Point, Baltimore.

We then took in a freight of rigging and other articles to carry down to the Piankatank River,⁶ which is near the Rappahannock. At this time⁷ the army of Cornwallis (37) laid below at Yorktown. We arrived safe, discharged our freight, and took in some oats for Baltimore; we had likewise seven passengers who were sutlers, or rum-sellers, to General Washington's army and had considerable money with them. It was late in the afternoon on a Sunday that we made sail out of the river, and the wind and tide being ahead we concluded to drop anchor. My passengers, and my partner too, being nearly drunk, all went down into the cabin to sleep and left the man we had hired and myself on deck to take care of the vessel. As soon as the tide turned we hauled up the anchor and, making sail from the mouth of the river, stood out into the bay, the wind still being ahead. After we had made a good stretch into the bay I hove her about and stood in for Rappahannock Point. On this point

⁶ Stingray Point ran out between the Rappahannock on the north and the Piankatank on the south. Off the mouth of the latter river was Gwynn's Island, and at the entrance of the Rappahannock, on the north side, was Windmill Point.

⁷ About October, 1781.

there are a number of dead pine-trees, and close into the land at the time there laid at anchor two English galleys which we did not see as they were behind a schooner laden with tar which they had taken. One of these galleys was rowed with thirty-two oars and had sixty-odd men on board, and the other rowed with twelve or fourteen oars and had about twenty-five or thirty men. As I thought all was safe I called up my partner and desired him to take the helm, for I was sleepy; then I wrapped myself up in my greatcoat and went down into the hold to sleep on the oats. The hatchway was open and it was apparently but a few minutes before I heard a great noise on deck with cutlasses and swords. I thought at first it was my passengers playing, as I had some swords on board, so I hallooed out to them to be still. Immediately a fellow leaped down into the hold, gave me a stroke or two with his sword, and bade me jump up on deck. The first person I saw on coming out of the hold was one I knew as well as my brother; his name was Montgomery⁸ and he used to live with Mr. Turk, the turner, in New York. "Why, Montgomery," said I to him, in my confusion not seeing the English flag flying, "are you among these pirates?" No sooner had I made the observation than the captain of the large galley (called the *Revenge*), whose name was Walen (38) or Waley, a tall, slim, gallous-looking fellow in his shirt-sleeves, with a gold-laced jacket on that he had robbed from some old trooper on the eastern shore, made answer, "Sir, I will let you know that I have as good a commission as any seventy-four in his Britannic Majesty's service!" I told him that I had found out I was mistaken, but had thought at first it was one of our own galleys from Annapolis who would at times board and

⁸ Archibald Montgomery in June, 1783, was among the New York refugees for Nova Scotia. (Sabine's "American Loyalists.") See note, page 70.

plunder our own vessels. After telling him that it was the fortune of war, etc., and that I hoped he would let me have my clothes, he said I should be allowed to retain them.

The sun was now about half an hour high. My passengers were ordered to get into the large galley, but my partner, abusing the captain, was put in irons and sent into the stern of the small galley under the care of a negro; all the other men were taken out of her. An Irishman, one of the passengers, and I were left on the schooner, and the captain of the small galley and nine (seven?) others, including Montgomery, were placed on board to manage her. The captain last mentioned was a mulatto named George, six feet high and formerly, as I afterward understood, a slave to Colonel Fitzhugh of Virginia.⁹ George's galley was now fastened with her grapping in our stern-sheets, and left for us to tow along, while Walen, as it was by this time fairly dark, muffled his oars and prepared to go up the Piankatank River to rob one Mr. Gwynn, where we had deposited our freight, among which was a hogshead of rum.

After giving orders for us to go to Gwynn's Island and there come to an anchor and wait for him, Walen set out and accomplished his design. The wind at this time had shifted and blew fair for Baltimore, and in beating about to fetch Gwynn's Island, we struck on a place called Stingray Point, came to an anchor, and waited till next morning. At daylight a droger, laden with tobacco, was seen standing alongshore, and our anchor was immediately taken up and sail set for the pursuit, the refugees meanwhile firing at her as the chase

⁹ Colonel William Fitzhugh, of Maryland, aged and blind, lived near the mouth of the Patuxent River, about half a mile from the shore; his son Peregrine was recommended by General Washington, in October, 1778, as a cornet in Colonel George Baylor's troop.

passed by within musket-shot. When it was found impossible to overtake the droger with the small galley in tow, Captain George ordered my partner on board the schooner and, placing another man in the galley, left her at anchor and renewed the chase. By this time the large galley was also in sight, making after the droger and near enough to fire at her the 6-pound cannon which she had in her bow. It was without effect, however, so we gave over the chase and hauled our wind so as to take the galley in tow again when we came up with her. Captain George now ordered three more men on board the latter, making five in all, who were set at work cleaning the muskets, of which some would not go off when they were firing at the droger. We then started in to join the large galley, which was about six miles off and running for Gwynn's Island.

My partner, W——b, the Irishman, and myself now agreed to retake the schooner, although each of the four men left upon her was armed with a pair of pistols, a sword, and gun. Moreover the small galley was again close in tow with her grapnel in our stern-sheets. Our plan was to persuade the captain that there was money hidden in the cabin; this was done forthwith, and down he went in search of it. There now remained on deck Montgomery, a person at the helm steering, and a man by the foremast. As I stood by the cabin door I called Montgomery to me and, as he came near, seized him by the collar, tripped him with my foot, and pitched him into the cabin. At the same time my partner caught up the cutlass which the man at the helm had carelessly laid on the stern-sheets, and running forward struck down the man there. The helmsman now cried out, "Hein! hein!" which was all he had time to say, for W——b was aft again in an instant with his cutlass raised, just going to strike him on the head. At the first alarm the man had hauled out the tiller and made a stroke at me, but it missed

and dropped out of his hand, and, seeing no chance of safety, the fellow in a moment jumped over the stern of the vessel into the water. As the man could not swim I suppose he drowned; I saw him struggling, but had too much business to attend to just then to pay any regard to him, for the galley men in our wake began to fire at us as fast as they could load their guns. Our schooner was then all in the wind, in sight of the large galley, and dropping astern and foul of the smaller one. I told my partner to run forward and bear off the jib to wear or fetch the schooner around, so that we might put her head toward Baltimore; this he did while I was casting off the main-sheet, which was close hauled. At this time the galley in tow was so near that I could have jumped on board her, and the fire of the muskets almost burned my hair, but they were such bad marksmen that they did not hit either of us. Meanwhile I had entirely forgotten the grapnel in our stern-sheets, but when my partner desired me to heave it overboard, I took it up and threw it over, exclaiming, "There, my boys, you have got your galley all to yourselves!" At the same time they were firing right at me, shouting, "Fire at that fellow with a greatcoat on!"

Up we went toward Baltimore, without a drop of water or any provisions on board, for the refugees had devoured everything we had. Captain George and Montgomery being in the cabin, the next thing was what should we do with them. I said it would be best to let the latter come on deck, go forward, and dress the wound on the shoulder-bone which my partner had dealt the man there. I accordingly opened the top of the companion and told him to come up, bringing his sword and pistols and likewise those of the captain. As we had ourselves the pair of pistols taken from the wounded man, we stood in little fear of the other two. Montgomery came up trembling like a leaf, for he was a great coward and I presume never fired a gun in war

during his lifetime. The refugees in general were a set of gallows-marked rascals, fit for nothing but thieves; hell-hounds and plunderers from inoffensive, unarmed people, they seemed to be without any kind of principle, and I honestly believe that ten honest, religious, determined men could intimidate or drive a hundred such vile villains. Their whole object was plunder, and they paid no manner of regard to the vessel they despoiled, be it loyal or otherwise; gain was all they sought, and to acquire from others what they were, through mere laziness, unable to acquire for themselves.

Well we got clear of the rascals, but were chased by the large galley for some time. I then ordered the famous Captain George to come on deck. He was very humble and said, "Master, I hope you will not kill me." I told him I would not if he behaved himself in a proper manner, but that if he even attempted to make a wry face I would certainly put him to death; never was a poor devil more submissive. As the large galley was now in chase of us I told George, who I knew was a good steersman, to take the helm, adding that if either through accident or design he jibed the vessel, I would that instant kill him. He was much frightened, however, and kept a bright lookout to avoid such a catastrophe. We were now wing and wing, that is, right before the wind, and those in the large galley, finding we outsailed them, gave over the chase and made for Gwynn's Island, telling the prisoners who were there put on shore that had we been overtaken they would have massacred us. I really believe they would have done it too, for Captain Walen appeared to me to be as great a villain as ever was unhung. All such characters in their employ the British seemed to encourage, as they were not twopence better themselves. Read their history and you will be satisfied of it if you are an honest man.

After many difficulties, such as starvation, being very thirsty and dry, running Smith's Point and among the Tangier Islands, we arrived safe at Baltimore. On the route we were again attacked by another pirate, as I call them, the Chesapeake Bay being at that time, when the army of Cornwallis was at Yorktown, infested by innumerable picaroons, barges, galleys, and small privateers; it was a great chance that we escaped the villains.

As soon as we touched the wharf and the people learned that we had been taken and had recaptured our vessel, they came on board, took out the prisoners, and, carrying them up to a blacksmith's shop, there had them put in irons. Poor devils! I pitied them, for they then had got into the hands of cowards, or of a mob, which is always brave when there is no danger. I remonstrated against the usage they gave, told them the men were prisoners of war and that, as it was impossible for them to escape, there was no use of putting them in irons; that as to punishing them there was no necessity of that, for they had received punishment already in being made prisoners. The cowards called me a tory and said I had nothing to do with them, so I left the prisoners in the hands of those brave Baltimoreans who had not at that time one ship-of-war or privateer out on the whole Chesapeake Bay, when we New England men had hundreds cruising against the common enemy.

CHAPTER VII

MAKES TWO VOYAGES TO SAINT EUSTATIUS IN THE BALTIMORE ARMED SCHOONER *RESOLUTION*; ON SECOND TRIP, WHEN CAPTAIN, IS TAKEN BY THE FRIGATE *SANTA MARGARETTA*; PRISONER THE FOURTH TIME AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA; HOSTILITIES CEASING, HE REACHES NEW YORK ON AN ENGLISH CUTTER AND THENCE RETURNS HOME

IT seemed to me imprudent to trust myself again down the bay trading, so I was obliged to sell my part of the schooner; if that rascal Walen could have taken me I should have been killed without mercy. I accordingly stayed on shore awhile (part of the years 1781 and 1782) until an opportunity should offer for me to do better, and at last there was a schooner fitting out for the West Indies, the captain of which, boarding in the same house as I did, asked me if I would go as his mate. I consented, not being able to do better, and entered on board the schooner *Resolution* (39), which mounted six guns. The captain was a miserable fellow, however, a Virginian, not naturally brave though a great swearer, so that many people would have been led to think he was a fighting man if they had heard him talking. We set sail for the island of Saint Eustatius,¹ arrived safe, disposed

¹ Saint Eustatius, West Indies, had been surrendered to the English by the Dutch, February 3, 1781; toward the end of the

of our cargo of flour at twenty-five dollars per barrel which cost in Baltimore nine dollars and a half, and taking in salt at eighteen cents per bushel, sold it for eight dollars in Edenton, North Carolina, into which place we were chased by a Bermuda privateer, the *Jolly Bacchus*.

The captain turning out to be no great things, the owners discharged him and gave the command of the schooner to me, and, loading up at Edenton with flour, bacon, etc., I again proceeded on for Saint Eustatius. The passage I meant to run through laid between Antigua and Saint Bartholomew, and early one Sunday morning (December 1, 1782²), as we were approaching the former island but not yet in sight, the man at the helm told me he saw a sail to windward bearing down on us. It was blowing very hard at the time and I had the bonnet off my jib and foresail, two reefs out of the mainsail, and was standing on a wind to the eastward, as I thought I had not eastern enough. I soon perceived the vessel approaching us and ordered all hands to make sail, took the bonnet and bent it on the jib and foresail, let out the reefs of the mainsail, and clapped her away four points free. She sailed like a bird, but in two or three hours the pursuing vessel came up with us, firing, one after another, seven shots at us, and at last got so close that I could see the buttons on the men's coats. They then got ready a 6-pound cannon from the quarter (deck) loaded with grape-shot, and fired point-blank into us, cutting away our jib-sheet blocks, forepeak tie, and other rigging forward. This brought our schooner right into the wind, so close to the ship that we were very near being run year news reached Philadelphia that it had been taken, November 26, by the French under the Marquis de Bouille, governor of Martinique.

² Date taken from log-book of the *Santa Margareta* in May, 1893.

down, whereupon we struck our colors, and an officer and six men were put in charge. The vessel proved to be the *Santa Margareta* (40), a British 40-gun ship, Captain Salter, a clever fellow who, treating me well as a prisoner, carried me down to Port Royal, Jamaica. Here I was put on shore without one farthing except six guineas which I had secreted as button-moulds to my coat. When I arrived at Kingston I got lodgings at the sign of the "Gold Chain and Wooden Leg," which was the rendezvous of the ship's crew.

I stayed there a few weeks and then tried to make my escape with five or six more American masters and mates of vessels. Our plan was to take one of the king's barges, then under repair, and run across to a place called the Palisades, but unfortunately when we were all prepared to carry out our enterprise the barge was taken away. We went down the next day to reconnoiter for another boat, but not finding one that would suit us, relinquished our project.

As I was walking back to the house I accidentally met the sailing-master of the *Santa Margareta*, who asked me if I wanted to go home. I told him I did if I could get an opportunity. "Well," says he, "if you have a mind to go by New York, I can procure you a chance." "Agreed," says I, "if you will let me take my bag with me." He went with me to my lodgings, where I got my chest and then went on board a British brig-of-war, commanded by Captain Nickols³ and bound for New York. We arrived safe after taking a Spanish prize in the Gulf Stream, running from Havana to the Spanish Main. The prize was loaded with wines, sweetmeats, etc.; we only plundered her of what we wanted and let her go.

On our arrival at New York the brig came to anchor at a wharf near the shipyards, and Robertson, a mid-

³ Captain Henry Nicholls (41), of the 14-gun cutter *Barracouta*, a name taken from the dreaded "devil-fish" of the West Indies.

shipman, and I took a walk down to Fly Market and stopped into a porter-house to get a pint of porter. There were several persons in the place sitting around a stove, and next to me was an Irishman reading a newspaper. I observed to the latter that, as soon as he was done reading the paper, I would be glad to see it. "By my soul, you are welcome to it," said he. The first thing my eyes met was the account of a prize captured by the very same Captain Walen⁴ who had taken me in the Chesapeake Bay with his galley. I forgot where I was for a moment and observed to Robertson that I believed I knew Captain Walen, and asked if he did not command a large galley that rowed with thirty-three oars. The Irishman, who actually belonged to her, made answer that he believed I did know Captain Walen very well, and that he would be very glad to see me. I told him that I had a brother who was taken by him some time past in the Chesapeake Bay; that I looked very much like my brother, but that I was in the British service while he was a rebel. "By my soul you are twin brothers then," said he, "for I could swear that you are the man and that you and two more retook the vessel after killing and wounding some of our men." I think I heard that it was said we had killed six of them, and it is not improbable that they made such report, as they are fond of exaggerating their accounts. I made out to get clear of them and went down to the brig in company with Robertson, where Captain Nickols paid me eight dollars. As there was at this time a cartel ready to carry home prisoners of war, I got on board and set out

⁴ "Yesterday was sent in here two small schooners, taken in the Chesapeake by the *Victory*, privateer, Captain Wallen." (Gaines' N. Y. *Gazette and Weekly Mercury*, of Monday, March 31, 1783.)

"Same day (Sunday, March 30) arrived a small schooner, taken in Chesapeake Bay by the *Victory*, privateer, Captain Wallen." (*Rivington's Gazette*, New York, Wednesday, April 2, 1783.)

once more for New London, where I arrived safe and went on to Boston⁵ (42).

⁵ The king's proclamation of February 14, for a cessation of arms, was officially read at the City Hall in New York, April 8, 1783.

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

NOTE I, PAGE 3

The North Writing School was located at the corner of North Bennet Street and Love Lane, near where now stands the Eliot School. John Greenwood's great-grandfather, Samuel Greenwood, had been one of a committee in March, 1711 or 1712, for selecting a site and overseeing the building of it. At the time in question John Tileston, subsequently called the "venerable," though the boys, not quite so respectful, used to give him the title of "old Johnny Tileston," was master, with a salary, fixed May 15, 1764, at £100. The third and fourth fingers of his right hand were so contracted from the effects of a severe burn as to form an admirable socket for his ferrule, or "hickory whig of '76," as he called it, for which instrument of torture it seems he had a great partiality. Years after has John Greenwood pointed out to his son on Boston streets the approaching form of his former master, and then abruptly crossed over to the other side of the causeway. He used to relate that many a time had some hungry urchin slid from his seat in school and, creeping stealthily along beneath the forms, notified the fortunate possessor of a savory luncheon of his presence by a sly pinch and a whispered "Hunks! I smell cheese," when just as the levied tribute was about to be paid, the quick eye of the master would discover the delinquent, and "Come here, you tigera-

bus!" would summon him to the desk for condign punishment. On a list of scholars, 1761-5, we find the name of Isaac Greenwood, John's elder brother. Tileston died in 1826, aged ninety-two years, and from him Love Lane received its present appellation of Tileston Street.

NOTE 2, PAGE 4

William H. Montague, Esq., of Boston, writing July 14, 1859, to W. B. Trask, editor of the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," says: "I was well acquainted with Dr. William Pitt Greenwood from boyhood. Taking a walk with him on Copp's Hill and vicinity on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill—the year I do not recollect; it was either 1847, '8 or '9—in company with Mr. Isaac Cazneau, an Octogenarian who had lived in the neighborhood all his life, he (Greenwood) pointed out his father's residence, at that time (1775) on the east side of Salem Street, between Prince Street and Christ Church. He also pointed out the spot, but a few rods from the house, where a battalion of British troops were quartered, and both he and Mr. Cazneau saw them march off in the morning of June 17, 1775, as they said, 'in high feather,' and saw some of them brought back wounded in the afternoon. They both also remembered seeing Major Pitcairn carried through Charter Street mortally wounded, though at the time they did not know who he was; his remains were buried under Christ Church."

The steeple of this church came down in a gale of wind in October, 1804.

W. P. Greenwood, youngest brother of John Greenwood, died May 10, 1851, on the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birth.

NOTE 3, PAGE 4

The Boston *Gazette* of Monday, March 12, 1770, says: "Mr. Samuel Maverick, a promising youth of seventeen years of age, son of the widow Maverick, and an apprentice to Mr. Isaac Greenwood, Ivory-turner, mortally wounded; a ball went through his belly and was cut out at his back. He died the next morning." Mrs. Mary Maverick, who lived at the corner of Union Street and Salt Lane, had married a son of Mr. John Maverick, importer of lignum-vitæ and other hard woods. (See Drake's "Boston," p. 781, etc.; Sumner's "East Boston," p. 171.)

Isaac Greenwood, Jr., the elder brother of John (and future father of the late Judge John Greenwood, of Brooklyn), was a witness of the massacre, being then in his twelfth year. Attracted by the ringing of bells, indicating a fire, Maverick and Greenwood were proceeding along hand in hand when, in King Street, Samuel left his companion and joined in the popular tumult about some soldiers at the custom-house. In the volley which ensued Maverick fell just as he was throwing up his arms and shouting, "Fire away, you d—— lobster-backs!" This epithet was applied to the soldiers on account of their red coats, but more than a century earlier. Sir Arthur Hasebrig's cuirassiers, in the Parliamentary service, were also known as "lobsters," from their iron breast-plates. (See "Diary of Henry Teonge, Chaplain, 1675-79," London, 1825.)

NOTE 4, PAGE 4

Captain Martin Gay, a brass-founder of Boston and one of the fire-wards in 1769, was one of the thirteen lieutenants of the Boston regiment in 1761 and captain of a company in 1769. In 1770 he was lieutenant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Com-

pany and captain in 1772. At this time the company's uniform was blue coats, with lapels and yellow buttons, buff underclothes, silk stockings, white linen spatter-dashes, and gold-laced cocked hats; their fifers and drummers were uniformed in white cloth coats trimmed with blue lapels and white linings, white linen waistcoats and breeches, and caps of white cloth with gold binding. When Martin Gay was lieutenant of the Boston Artillery Company, William Heath (afterward a major-general in the Continental army) was the captain, having succeeded Major Adino Paddock.

Captain Gay went to Nova Scotia in March, 1776, and in November, 1792, returned to Boston, where he died, February 3, 1809, aged eighty-two. He had a granddaughter, Mrs. Mary (Gay) Greenwood, daughter of Samuel Gay, who lived in Nova Scotia. Captain Gay's portrait is given in Robert's "History of the Artillery Company," Vol. II.

NOTE 5, PAGE 5

Previous to the Revolution the only attempts to use brick in Falmouth were in the houses of John Butler on King Street and John Greenwood on the south side of Middle Street. The latter, a three-story wooden building with brick ends situated between Captain Pearson's Lane and Fish Street (now Willow and Silver streets), was commenced in October, 1774. It escaped destruction when the town was burned by the British, October 18, 1775, and was taken down, 1855-6, to make room for a large hotel erected by the Hon. John M. Wood, previous to which event several views were taken of the place. Meetings of the Falmouth Lodge, established 1762, of which Greenwood was a member, were held at times in the house up to 1780. Mr. Greenwood sold out all his real estate previous to November, 1784, after which

nothing further is known of him. He was married in Trinity Church, Boston, November 2, 1762, to Mercy Clarke, who died, December 17, 1770, aged twenty-seven years, and was interred in the southwest end of the old East Cemetery, Portland, where her husband's mother, Sarah (Clarke) Greenwood, widow of Professor Isaac Greenwood, was buried toward the close of May, 1776. A small mahogany chest of drawers made by John Greenwood the younger while with his uncle at Falmouth is in the writer's possession.

NOTE 6, PAGE 5

The third week following this event was a stirring one in Falmouth. On Monday, May 8, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Thompson, an ardent patriot, eager to destroy the 16-gun cutter *Canso*, which lay off the town of Falmouth, came down from Brunswick (some thirty miles to the northeast) with about 150 men from that place and Topsham. They carried a green-topped spruce pole for a standard. The expedition landed in the Bark Cove late in the afternoon, and the men, concealing themselves in a pine wood back of the town on the north and east slope of Munjoy's Hill, had been able to seize and make prisoners of Lieutenant Henry Mowat, the commander of the cutter, his ship surgeon, and the Episcopal minister, Mr. John Wiswall, while the latter were enjoying their customary exercise on the east side of the Falmouth peninsula. A message from the vessel soon informed the inhabitants that their place would be laid in ashes if the parties detained were not immediately released. The Falmouth Cadets turned out, and we may be sure the little fifer was with them. Mowat was brought up to town by Thompson and his men, where finally, after much discussion, he was allowed, under parole and late in the evening, to re-

turn to his vessel. Before morning Colonel Phinney's minute-men and many of the militia from Gorham, Scarborough, Cape Elizabeth, and Stroudwater, in all 600 or more, were in town, most of them willing to carry out Thompson's scheme. Heavy guns, however, were lacking, and finally, better counsel prevailing, Colonel Phinney got the militia in a day or two to return homeward. After a while the *Canso* sailed for Portsmouth, only to return in a few months, when, with the sanction of Admiral Graves, Mowat carried out his former threat and wantonly fired the town. Lieutenant Greenwood's house was saved, but he met with a loss of £168. A contemporary cosmopolitan view of the burning is given in Fiske's "American Revolution," Houghton, Mifflin & Company's illustrated edition, 1896, Vol. I, pp. 172-3.

NOTE 7, PAGE 9

By returns of January 1, 1776, Hardy Pierce, of Boston, was second lieutenant in Captain Ebenezer Stevens's company of Colonel Knox's regiment of artillery. The following fall he was stationed at Fort Lee (formerly Fort Constitution) on the Hudson, and was killed, November 5, by the premature discharge of a cannon while firing at the enemy's shipping. ("American Archives," 5th Series, Vol. III, p. 800.)

NOTE 8, PAGE 9

The Rev. Winwood Serjeant was, at the outbreak of the Revolution, the Episcopal minister of Christ Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts. He fled with his family, at first to Kingston, New Hampshire, and afterward to Newbury, whence in 1778 he returned to Bristol, England. The house in which he lived at the beginning of the troubles and which was ransacked



MARY FANS GREENWOOD.
Wife of Isaac Greenwood.

by the mob stood on the Observatory ground, nearly opposite to the end of Linnaean Street, but has since been removed to the other side of Garden Street. (Hoppin's "History of Christ Church.")

NOTE 9, PAGE 10

Elizabeth Hale, second wife and widow of Colonel Robert Hale, of Beverly, who had participated in the siege of Louisburg under Sir William Pepperrell in 1745. She was the youngest daughter of the Hon. Dr. John Clarke, of Boston, and was named for her aunt, Elizabeth Clarke, second wife of the Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather. Her sister Sarah married Professor Isaac Greenwood of Harvard College. Later on Mrs. Hale lived in Boston as a member of her nephew's (Isaac Greenwood's) family, and died, September 23, 1795, aged eighty-nine years, leaving no issue.

NOTE 10, PAGE 11

The marriage intentions of Isaac Greenwood, of Boston, and Mary I'ans were recorded January 21, 1757. She was born apparently in some Irish garrison town in 1725, and died at Dedham, Massachusetts, October 11, 1820, aged ninety-five years, having survived her husband seventeen years. Mrs. Greenwood was a staunch patriot, full of fire and wit, with bright, sparkling eyes, a smiling countenance, and a tiny figure. One of her two sisters married Robert Woolsey, a merchant of Quebec; the other, Martha, was the wife of Thomas Walker,¹ a merchant of Boston who settled in Montreal soon after its surrender to the English (September 8, 1760). Here in the discharge of his duties as a justice of the peace Walker

¹ See Appendix B.

aroused the enmity of some army officers, who broke into his town house and brutally maltreated him. He received no redress for this, however, even though his case was laid before the king in person. Later on his sympathies were all with the revolted colonies; he corresponded with their committees and prepared to aid them with a native Canadian force. Colonel Arnold's hasty line from Ticonderoga and Ethan Allen's premature movement against the city and his sending messengers for help to Colonel Walker confirmed the suspicions of the authorities. His houses in the city and at L'Assomption had been both closely watched and his mail intercepted; with the proof obtained his arrest was determined upon, and accordingly one night his farm-house was attacked and fired by a party of native militia, and he and his wife were dragged down a ladder from the burning building, hurried up to town, and imprisoned on a charge of high treason. The colonel was finally released only when the colonists took possession of Montreal.

NOTE 11, PAGE 13

The Americans did not cease working on their entrenchments until noon, and it was three o'clock before the British troops moved forward to the attack. General Ward, who had reserved his own regiment with those of Patterson and Gardner and a part of Bridge's for the defense of Cambridge, despatched the first three, late in the afternoon, to the scene of action. Patterson's was stationed at Jack Tuft's storehouse,² nearly down to the road leading to Milk Row. There is record of but one soldier of the regiment wounded on this occasion. (See Appendix A.)

² Afterward on Sycamore Street.

NOTE 12, PAGE 13

John Patterson, son of Major John Patterson who died from yellow fever at the siege of Havana, September 5, 1762, aged fifty-four years, was born in 1744 at New Britain, Connecticut. A graduate in 1762 of Yale College, he taught school, practised law, and was a justice of the peace in his native town until his removal in 1774, with his father-in-law, Josiah Lee, to Lenox, Massachusetts. He was a member of the Berkshire Congress, convened at Stockbridge, July 6, 1774, and of the first and second Provisional Congresses of Massachusetts. Two regiments of minute-men were formed in Berkshire County at the time, one under John Patterson, of Lenox, which was from the northern and middle parts of the county, the other under John Fellows, of Sheffield, from the southern part of the county. News of the affair at Lexington having reached the Berkshire Hills, Patterson's men were on their way to Cambridge at sunrise on April 21, and on May 27 he and his field officers received their commissions from the Provisional Congress for the 12th Massachusetts Bay Regiment of Foot. After the arrival of General Washington this regiment became the 26th Regiment of Foot of the Army of the United Colonies, and upon the reorganization of 1776 the 15th Regiment of Foot. February 21, 1777, Colonel Patterson was appointed brigadier-general and attached to the Northern Department. The command of the 15th was given to Colonel Timothy Bigelow, and on April 22 the State of Massachusetts appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Vose as colonel, vice Colonel Patterson, promoted. On September 19 a portion of Patterson's brigade took active part in the battle of Stillwater under General Gates, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne. During the winter of 1777-8 it was encamped at Valley Forge

and participated, the following June, in the battle of Monmouth. On September 29, 1780, Patterson was one of the fourteen general officers composing the court-martial at Tappan, New York, before which Major André was arraigned. During the war Patterson was the first Master of a traveling lodge of free-masons³ called the "Washington Lodge," which was continued till the close of hostilities. Afterward, on the outbreak of the Shays's Rebellion of 1786, he headed a detachment of the Berkshire militia which was called out. As one of the proprietors of the Boston Company he settled, in 1790, at Whelney's Point, in Union, Tioga County (afterward known as Lisle, Broome County), in the State of New York; was first judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Tioga County, 1798, and of Broome County, 1806; a member of Assembly, 1792-3; of the New York Constitutional Convention of 1801; and a Representative in Congress, 1803-5. He died July 19, 1808, aged sixty-four years, leaving two sons and several daughters.

NOTE 13, PAGE 13

The Rev. Daniel Bliss, of Concord, Massachusetts, who died in 1764, aged forty-nine years, was born in Springfield, Hampden County, and left four sons and several daughters, of whom the eldest, Phebe, married the Rev. William Emerson, of Concord, and was grand-

³ By order of the R. W., William Burbeck, Esq., Master holding under the authority of Scotland, all Masonic brethren (particularly those of St. Andrew's Lodge, formerly of Boston) were notified in the *Essex Gazette*, Salem, December 21, 1775, that the Feast of St. John would be celebrated on Wednesday, December 27, at the Free Masons Arms, Cambridge. A general attendance was recommended. "Table to be elegantly furnished by two o'clock. Brethren to bring their clothing."

William Burbeck was lieutenant-colonel of Knox's regiment of Continental artillery.

mother of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Boston. Two of the sons, Daniel, a lawyer of Concord, who died in 1806, aged sixty-six years, at Lincoln, near Fredericton, New Brunswick, and Samuel, who died in 1803 at St. George, New Brunswick, were loyalists. The youngest son, Joseph, who had been a lieutenant in the artillery company of Captain Winthrop Sargent, Colonel John Crane's regiment, died at Haverhill, New Hampshire, and his daughter, Louisa, widow of the Hon. Arthur Livermore, of Holderness, Massachusetts, corresponded with the writer in May, 1859, at which time she was living in Brooklyn, New York. It is, however, with the second son, Theodore Thomas Bliss, born May 21, 1745, that we are now interested. He appears to have settled in Boston as a shipwright and was a member of Fire Engine No. 9 before 1768. He was called to the council chamber on the night of March 5, 1770, to give evidence as to Captain Thomas Preston's (of the 29th Foot) "giving the soldiers orders to fire on the inhabitants." Several of the depositions taken after that occurrence speak of young Bliss's interview with the captain just before the firing took place. The "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. XLII, p. 263, states that a Captain Theodore Bliss of the American army married Elizabeth Barrett, born January 24, 1747, and died May 29, 1783, eldest daughter of Daniel and Elizabeth (Wadsworth) Barrett.

About May, 1775, Captain Bliss appears to have raised, for the Continental service, a company of men the better part of whom, according to a return of October, 1775, were from Boston, as was he himself. The captain has been also styled as "from Brimfield, Mass.," a small place some seventy miles southwest of Boston and a few miles north of east from Monson. From Monson, on the Chicopee River,

twenty miles east of Springfield, marched, April 19, 1775, the company of Captain Freeborn Moulton, which remained on service thirteen days, and of which company a "Theodorus Bliss" was one of the privates ("Archives," Secretary of State's Department, Boston); possibly the two names may be identical. We read too that when, early in the spring of 1775, two English officers, Captain William Browne, of the 52d, and Ensign Henry De Birniere, of the 10th, visited Concord as spies for Governor Gage, they dined at the house of Theodore's brother⁴ Daniel Bliss, who, on their remarking that the people would not fight, asserted that "he knew better, and pointing to his brother, then passing in sight of the house, replied, 'There goes a man who will fight you in blood up to your knees.'"

Captain Bliss was attached to Colonel Patterson's regiment just before the battle of Bunker Hill, and the history of his company until the termination of the men's second enlistment in December, 1776, is contained in this memoir. That part of the company which with the rest of the detachment under Major Sherburne formed the relief for Major Butterfield and the garrison at the Cedars in Canada, surrendered May 20, 1776, to Captain Forster⁵ of the British army. An exchange of prisoners was agreed to one week later by Forster and General Arnold, and four American captains were sent to Quebec as hostages for its safe performance; these were Captains Ebenezer Sullivan, of Scammon's Massachusetts regiment, Theodore T. Bliss, of Patterson's Massachusetts regiment, John Stevens, of Burrall's Connecticut regiment, and Ebenezer Green, of Bedel's New Hampshire Rangers. Sherburne's and Sullivan's accounts of the affair will be found in Force's "Ameri-

⁴ *Harper's Magazine*, Vol. L, p. 780, December, 1874—May, 1875.

⁵ See Note 22.

can Archives," 4th Series, Vol. VI, and in 5th Series, Vol. I, p. 1167, is given a letter from Captain Bliss to his brother-in-law, the Rev. William Emerson, dated Montreal, August 4, 1776. Sullivan was exchanged in 1778, Stevens in February, 1782, and Green was on parole to 1779. Bliss, released on parole, returned to Philadelphia by water and reached the American camp in the vicinity of Trenton, New Jersey, just after the battle at that place (December, 1776).

He enlisted January 1, 1777, as captain of Company 7, in Colonel John Lamb's 2d Regiment of Artillery, New York Line, and was probably the one captain of artillery who, according to Heath's "Memoirs," was wounded June 28, 1778, at Monmouth. The account that he was a prisoner and exchanged in December is erroneous. General Heath, writing to Generals Riedesel and Hamilton, October 28, 1778, from headquarters, Boston, states that the British troops, under the Saratoga Convention, were to leave for Virginia in a few days, and that as they were so desirous that Captain Richard Masters of the 24th should go to New York with a report for Sir H. Clinton, he was willing, provided he should first go to General Washington's headquarters accompanied by Captain Bliss and paying the latter's expenses. The despatches were stopped at headquarters and forwarded thence by Washington, who incidentally consented that Masters could be exchanged for Bliss. This, however, was not effected, as Bliss subsequently attended Major-General William Phillips to Virginia, the latter writing February 28, 1779, from Fredericksburg to Clinton, begging the captain's exchange as a particular favor.

It was only a few days before this that Washington had informed the British commander of the recent resolve passed by Congress that officers who had broken their parole should be returned to the enemy.

In May Bliss was ordered to New York, and the Massachusetts House of Representatives, upon his petition, granted him a certain sum and "thirty pounds a month to be paid to his wife during his detention in the hands of the enemy, for the better support of herself and family," all such sums to be charged to the United States. The following month, upon the petition of several officers of Colonel Lamb's Regiment of Artillery, "praying that they may rank the same as if in one of the fifteen battalions raised by the State of Massachusetts," the same was granted only in the case of "Theodore Bliss, late a captain in Colonel Patterson's regiment." He was evidently soon released and returned to Boston on parole, where we read of a payment of £1200 made to him in July, 1780, by the Town Treasurer for one of the eleven horses purchased by Captain Fellows for use of the Continental army.

The following notice appeared in the *Continental Journal* under date of Boston, June 28, 1781: "I take this method to inform the public that I despise the scandalous report and likewise the ridiculous author of the unjust aspersion thrown on my character in my absence; I have always most strictly adhered to my parole and ever shall 'till I am regularly exchanged; and as I am not answerable for my conduct to any but my superior officers, and never went to York without proper passports, if at any time such as are pleased to will call upon me, they shall have a satisfactory answer from their humble Servant, Theodore Bliss, Captain Artillery."

In August, 1782, he was permitted a license as inn-holder at his house in Corn Court, and on June 25, 1789, was married by the Rev. Samuel Parker to his second wife, Huldah Delano, and was still on the town tax-list in 1790. He had several daughters, one of whom married, January 1, 1797, Captain William

Cunningham. Captain Bliss died, intestate, at Cambridge, September 1, 1802, aged fifty-eight years.

NOTE 14, PAGE 14

Greenwood subsequently describes the works on Prospect Hill more particularly. Patterson's regiment, however, after the battle was stationed at Fort No. 3, which served as a connecting link between the works on Prospect Hill to the northwest and the Cambridge Lines, or No. 2, which extended southwesterly from the point where Broadway crosses the top of Dana (or Butler's) Hill to Fort No. 1 on the Charles River. Fort No. 3, a little outside of Cambridge bounds, was just south of the main road between Cambridge and Charlestown (Washington Street, Somerville), and opposite the point where it is entered from the north by the old Charleston Lane or Milk Row Road (now Milk Street, Somerville). This was doubtless the precise spot (Jack Tuft's storehouse) that the regiment had occupied during the battle of Bunker Hill. (Page's "History of Cambridge," etc.) After July 22, 1775, the American army was divided into three grand divisions. The central division and reserve at Cambridge was commanded by Major-General Israel Putnam, and of this division the first brigade, under Brigadier-General William Heath and encamped at Prospect Hill and vicinity, consisted of the six Massachusetts regiments of Patterson at Fort No. 3, Scammon at Fort No. 1, Prescott at Sewall's Point, Heath at Fort No. 2 (in place of General Ward), Gerrish at Chelsea, Malden, etc., and Colonel Phinney. The other brigade was composed of the regiments of Putnam, Glover, Frye, Bridge, Sergeant, and Woodbridge. In the absence of a national ensign there floated over them, soon after, the crimson standard of "Old Put," bearing the emblems and motto of his native colony.

Some reminiscences of John Greenwood's elder and youngest brothers, Isaac and William Pitt, have already been given in Notes 2 and 3. The former, Isaac Greenwood, Jr., who in 1775 advertises "ladies' umbrellas" for sale at Salem, also prepared an interesting memoir of his own personal adventures during the War of Independence, but his eldest son, the late Hon. John Greenwood, of Brooklyn, New York, wrote me in May, 1859, saying: "I regret the memoir or journal to which you refer has been mislaid or abstracted. I have looked for it several times in vain." Subsequently I found in my library some numbers of a New York magazine entitled the *Literary Companion*, wherein, in August, 1821, had been published an extract from the journal, signed with the initials W. L. G. My late father immediately recognized the article as an incident of his uncle's life which he had often heard related, and the initials as those of a cousin, William Langley Greenwood. The time indicated was the winter of 1781-2. The writer had received in some engagement a severe saber cut over the head from which he suffered throughout his whole life, and the account presents an anachronism for which due allowance must be made.

"I entered, at New London, on board the brig *New Broom*, a vessel mounting sixteen guns and commanded by one Bishop, and sailed thence on a cruise among the West India islands. After being out about five weeks the captain became delirious, and in a few days after, owing to the misconduct of the first lieutenant, we were captured by a British sloop-of-war and carried into St. John's, Antigua, where we were all put on board a prison-ship which lay in a cove on one side of the harbor where the heat was so severe as to be almost insupportable. We were allowed here but

barely enough to maintain nature, and the water they gave us was taken out of a pond a little back of the town, in which the cattle and negroes commingled every sort of impurity, and which was rendered on this account so nauseous that it was impossible to drink it without holding the nostrils.

"I soon found that life was to be supported but a short time here, and set myself, therefore, about contriving some way to effect my escape from this floating place of misery and torment. The doctor came on board every morning to examine the sick, and three negro sextons every night to bury the dead.

"Early one morning I swallowed tobacco-juice and was so sick by the time the doctor came that I obtained without difficulty a permit from him to go on shore to the hospital. I was soon ready to disembark, for I had previously been robbed of everything except what I had on. After arriving at the hospital I was conducted into a long room where lay more than two hundred of the most miserable objects imaginable, covered with rags and vermin. I threw myself down on a bunk, and after suffering extremely for some time from the effects of the tobacco, went to sleep, but was soon waked by a man nurse, who told me that there was a physic for me and immediately went off to another. I contrived, unperceived, to throw my dose out of the window, and was not again disturbed except during the following night, when I was waked several times by the carrying out of the dead. The sickness occasioned by the tobacco having now ceased, it was still necessary to keep up the deception, and accordingly, the next morning, I feigned lameness. The doctor told me that my fever had settled in my legs and said that I must walk about the yard as much as I could. I was extremely rejoiced at this good advice and lost no time in following it, hobbling off to a row of small buildings which were detached from

the hospital where I smelt the reviving flavor of soup, and soon after, upon a bell's ringing, I experienced the indescribable joy of partaking of a bowlful of it, which was served out to those of the sick who could eat.

"Farther on than this there was another small house, separate from the others, where I observed the nurses and cooks to be coming in and going out. I limped up to this place, stopped in front of the house, and, wearing a very doleful look, chanced to catch the attention of the steward who lived there. 'Come in here, you Yankee dog,' says he, 'I like the looks of you.' I accordingly went in and sat down. He inquired my name, birth, etc., and we very soon became familiar. Our conversation was interrupted by his being called away, but he gave me a general invitation to call and see him, and I called the next day. Although on this occasion he was as sociable as he had been the day before, I observed a melancholy to be cast over his countenance, and plainly perceived that there was something that was to him a source of grief. From the interest which he had taken in my situation I could not but sympathize in his affliction, and begged him, therefore, to disclose to me the cause of it.

"'I can,' says he, 'have no apprehension from you. I am an American; my father is a refugee and is now in Halifax. The pay I get here don't half support me and I am therefore involved in debt; besides all, I am the father of a child which I must provide for or go to prison. I have not the means to do so, so you can perceive how unfortunate my position is. There is no other way for me to avoid my difficulties but by leaving the island in some way or other.'

"I begged him to endeavor to take me with him, which he promised to do.

"'There is a friend of mine, Captain King,' said he, 'who lives in town, and if you are able to walk I will

lend you some clothes and we will go to-morrow and see him.'

"'You will see,' rejoined I, 'whether I am able or not to walk, after I get out of the yard.'

"The next day, after he had pledged himself to the sentinel for my safe return, we went together to Captain King's. The latter had been formerly a British naval officer, but from disaffection or for some other reason had left the service. To him the steward revealed his situation and cast himself upon his generosity. He told the steward to call and dine with him the next day, and bring with him one or two more from among the prisoners who were desirous of escaping, and that he would hit upon a plan to assist us.

"We accordingly went the next day and took with us an American prisoner who was employed as a nurse in the hospital and who, in the habit of a sailor, carried the steward's clothes. We received a hearty welcome, dined and drank plentifully of Captain King's wine. After dinner he asked me if I understood managing a boat and knew the situation of the islands. Upon my replying in the affirmative he bid me come up-stairs with him and, on entering the chamber, told me to divest myself completely.

"'What,' asked I, 'are you going to do with me?'

"'I am going,' said he, 'to metamorphose you into a British officer of the navy; and d——n you,' he added, 'don't flinch.'

"I was accordingly furnished by him with a suit of his former uniform clothes (a lieutenant's), and powdered inside and out. He gave me also a loaded pistol and one to the steward, and put into my hand a blank letter, superscribed to one Major Thomas who was navy-agent.

"'Go down to King's Wharf,' said he, 'you and the steward walking together and the sailor behind you, and there agree with one of the drogers (or packet-

boats) to take you on board the *Daphne* frigate, which lies in St. John's Road. When you have passed the fort and he hauls his wind to stand for the frigate, you must, taking the letter out of your pocket, feign great surprise and exclaim that you have neglected to deliver it to Major Thomas. The captain of the boat will tell you directly (for they all know him) that he is not in town but has gone down to his estate at Five Islands on the west coast. You must then agree with him to carry you there, for you must see him as the vessel can't go to sea without bread. After you arrive abreast of Five Islands, your escape must depend upon yourselves. You must take possession of the vessel and carry her into Montserrat or Saint Christopher's,⁶ of both which islands the French are now in possession, and then you are safe.'

"We showered many blessings upon the captain and, bidding him farewell, followed the directions he had given us. All, however, had like to have been detected, in which case we must have been either hung or shot. Being under the effects of the wine and also much elated with my new rigging, I made an unusual blustering on the wharf, where we were surrounded by real navy officers. Some of them observed that I made a d——d noise! 'I think so,' says another; 'who the devil is he?' But while they were thus commenting the captain of the packet-boat pushed off and we got clear of them.

"The sloop was manned with five stout negroes and a white captain. We succeeded in obtaining possession of her and arrived the next day at Montserrat, which was thirty miles to the southwest, where we reported ourselves to the commanding officer and re-

⁶ St. Kitt's was taken on the 12th and Montserrat on the 22d of February, 1782. Hon. Matthew Fortescue was appointed captain, May 24, 1782, of the *Daphne*, twenty guns, and was on the home service in January, 1783.

mained a few days. Thence we sailed, under convoy of a French armed schooner (a national vessel) for Guadeloupe, where we soon arrived and whence we set out for the United States in an American ship. This was not, however, without having first suffered much from the treachery of the French captain, who, on his arrival at Basseterre on this island, the port to which we were bound, went on shore and reported us as an English prize and had us conveyed by a guard of soldiers to jail. On our way thither the street was illuminated and the soldiers, exulting, brutally pricked us with their bayonets. We were there confined, but on the next day the perfidy of the captain was brought to light through the exertions of a friend of the steward's, to whom the latter contrived to make known his situation, and who went to the governor and disclosed the whole transaction. A court of inquiry was held; we were released and the French captain committed for a trial by court-martial."

As to Captain Bishop of New London, who commanded the *New Broom* and to whom reference is made at the commencement of the account, I find by the *Connecticut Gazette*, published in New London, that his name was Israel Bishop. The first advertisement relative to the privateer-brigantine *New Broom* is dated Wethersfield, July 25, 1778, at which time she was lying in the Connecticut River, and was to sail from New London, toward September, on a cruise off Sandy Hook, etc. She was taken in Boston Bay and brought into New York, October 27, by the British sloop-of-war *Ariel*, 20, Captain Thomas Mackenzie. Bishop was probably soon exchanged, and on Monday, October 8, 1781, it is stated that he reached New London, having arrived two days before in his brig *Betsey* at Newport in thirty-one days from Granada, West Indies. From this we gather that in the foregoing extract two events of Isaac Green-

wood's life are confounded. We see that the *New Broom*, Bishop, was captured and taken into New York in October, 1778, and we know that Greenwood was at one time confined as a prisoner in the old Crown (Liberty) Street sugar-house, near the Middle Dutch Church. He escaped from that place by a passage-way dug beneath the walls, across the street, into the cellar of a house opposite; thence, making his way by night to the shore, he swam off to a sloop, rested on the deck till near daylight, and again taking to the water, reached the opposite banks near Hoboken, and pushed on to Hackensack. On the occasion of his being carried a prisoner to Antigua, though he may have been with his old captain, Israel Bishop, it was evidently not in the privateer *New Broom*. Possibly it was in the *Brutus*, of Salem, Captain W. Coles, as his son, the late Judge John Greenwood, presented to the Long Island Historical Society in 1863 the rough, serviceable cutlass of his father, with its wooden handle, iron guard, black leather sheath, and broad belt, and inscribed on the inside with the name of "the ship *Brutus*."

After the war Isaac Greenwood lived in Providence, Rhode Island, until his removal in 1810 to New York, where he died, October 21, 1829, aged seventy-one years. His remains lie in Greenwood Cemetery, beneath a slab suitably inscribed.

NOTE 16, PAGE 20

November 9, 1775, Lieutenant-Colonel George Clark, of the 43d Foot, landed under cover of the *Cerberus*, 36, Captain Chads, on Lechmere's Point (Phipp's farm), which at high water was an island. Clark had with him six companies of light infantry and a hundred grenadiers, about 600 men in all. He was driven off with the loss of two men, and carried away ten cows belonging to Mr. Ireland. The Ameri-

cans, who were exposed the whole time to a warm fire from the forts in Charlestown and one in Boston, also lost two men by grape from the *Cerberus*. The repulsing party consisted of Colonel Thompson's regiment of riflemen and parts of Woodbridge's and Patterson's regiments. Major Mifflin (afterward first governor of the State of Pennsylvania) particularly distinguished himself at the time. Washington in his report says: "The alacrity of the riflemen and officers upon the occasion did them honor, to which Colonel Patterson's regiment and some others were equally entitled."

Heath's "Memoirs" and Silliman's "Journal" both mention the fortifying of Lechmere's Point. A new causeway connecting it with Patterson's post at Fort No. 3 was begun December 12, 1775, and five days later, by order of General Putnam, 300 men broke ground on top of the hill at the point, about half a mile from the shipping. These defenses, notwithstanding severe cannonading at times, were finished and mounted, February 25, with some heavy pieces.

NOTE 17, PAGE 21

A similar incident is mentioned in a letter of July 12, 1775 (Allison's "Remembrances," 1775), and Frothingham, in his "Siege of Boston," p. 213, refers to the same. Rament's name is given on the regimental return as Shubael Raymond, of Boston; he is undoubtedly the same party referred to in General Orders at Ticonderoga, November 5, 1776. Firing of small arms was forbidden in General Orders of July 4 and 26, 1775.

NOTE 18, PAGE 22

At this point in the memoir mention might have been made of the fact that on September 13, 1775, men were drafted out of the different regiments for

Arnold's expedition up the Kennebec River and through the wilderness to Quebec. From Patterson's regiment went twenty-five men, a sergeant, a corporal, and a drum, Captain Thomas Williams, of Stockbridge, Captain William Goodrich, of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and First Lieutenant John Cumston (or Comston), of Saco, District of Maine. Cumston and three privates were from Captain T. T. Bliss's company. Both Captain Goodrich and Lieutenant Cumston were taken in the attack upon Quebec toward the close of the year, and remaining prisoners till their exchange, May 18, 1776, arrived in a transport, September 24, at Elizabeth, New Jersey. Captain Thomas Williams returned from the mouth of the Dead River on October 25 with Lieutenant-Colonel R. Enos.

NOTE 19, PAGE 23

The party of 130 from General Heath's and General Frye's brigades, which, on January 8, 1776, burned the few remaining houses left standing in Charlestown, was composed of men from Colonel John Greaton's 24th Regiment and Colonel John Patterson's 15th Regiment, commanded by Major Thomas Knowlton. It was divided between Majors Richard Carey and David Henly, with orders for the former to first fire the houses most distant from the dam. Through some error, however, Henly, of Heath's brigade, executed his injunctions first. Of the enemy one man was killed and five taken prisoners. General Putnam and his staff watched the manœuver from Cobble Hill, and the party was thanked next day in General Orders. Other officers interested were Captain Edward P. Williams, First Lieutenant Samuel Foster, and Ensign Thomas Cheney; Captain Jacob Goold and First Lieutenant Elijah Shaw from Greaton's regiment; Captain Wil-

liam Wyman, First Lieutenant William A. Patterson (of Captain Noble's company), and Second Lieutenant Joshua Trafton (or Traston) from Patterson's regiment.

NOTE 20, PAGE 25

The American forces left Boston for New York as follows:

On Friday, March 15, 1776, Brigadier-General William Heath was ordered to set out with some artillery and the five regiments of Patterson, Greaton, Stark, Bond, and Webb. They reached New London on the 26th, sailed the next day, and on Saturday the 30th at noon marched into New York. Heath resigned the chief command, April 3, to General Putnam, who had then arrived. The brigade of Major-General John Sullivan, which had left Boston March 27, reached New York April 10 with six regiments and two companies with light artillery, and by the 14th there were eleven regiments present in the city, with five more on Long Island and one, Colonel Patterson's, on Staten Island. On April 1 Brigadier-General Greene, with five more regiments and a detachment of artillery, was ordered to set out from Boston, and on the 4th the commander-in-chief left the town with the last division of five regiments and the balance of the artillery under Brigadier-General Joseph Spencer. Washington arrived in New York on the 13th and his lady on the 17th.

On April 15 four regiments under Brigadier-General William Thompson were ordered from New York to Canada by way of the lakes. These regiments were the 8th, Colonel Enoch Poor; the 15th, Colonel John Patterson; the 24th, Colonel John Greaton, and the 25th, Colonel William Bond. A return of them, dated four days later, is given in "American Archives," 4th Series, Vol. V, p. 986. Sailing

from the city on Sunday the 21st, the party reached Albany on the 26th, and finally arrived, May 13, at Chambly, to the north of St. Johns.

NOTE 21, PAGE 25

A brief summary of the various changes in the command which took place toward the close of the Canadian campaign may not be here out of place. It was at first designed that Major-General Charles Lee should succeed General Montgomery, who had fallen before Quebec, December 31, 1775, but when the former was placed over the Southern Department, Brigadier-General John Thomas, then before Boston, was raised to the rank of major-general and appointed to take active command of the Continental forces at the north, since ill health prevented General Schuyler from so doing. Meanwhile leadership of the besieging army at Quebec was assumed by Arnold until the arrival, on April 1, of his superior officer, Brigadier-General David Wooster, who, after having remained inactive during the winter at Montreal, had now left Colonel Moses Hazen, of the 2d Canadian Regiment or "Congress' Own," in charge there. A fall of his horse having disabled his wounded leg, Arnold quitted the camp before Quebec on Friday, April 12, and withdrew to Montreal, where, taking command, he sent Hazen down to St. Johns, Chambly, etc. General Wooster presently gave place to Major-General John Thomas, who, having reached Montreal April 26, arrived before Quebec five days later. As the English were now rapidly advancing up the river and were receiving and expecting powerful reinforcements, General Thomas retreated, May 5, to Point Deschambault, and afterward to the mouth of the Sorel. He died at Chambly from smallpox, June 2, 1776.

The congressional commissioners, Franklin, Chase, and Carroll, arrived on April 29 at Montreal and lodged at the house of Thomas Walker. As soon as news reached the city that British men-of-war were down the river below Quebec, Franklin and the Rev. John Carroll started, May 11, 1776, by boat for Fort George, whence General Schuyler wrote to Congress on the 28th that they had left for Albany "on my chariot, which they are to take soon to New York." Arnold likewise left Montreal on May 11 to confer with General Thomas at Sorel, and by the advice of the commissioners Colonel Patterson was ordered to advance from St. Johns, twenty-seven miles distant, and occupy the city with his regiment as a garrison. On May 15 Arnold wrote the remaining commissioner, Samuel Chase, of Maryland, "I am glad Patterson has been sent for; I believe he will give satisfaction"; and again, three days later, "I think it advisable to inoculate Colonel Patterson's regiment at Montreal." Patterson arrived on the 15th, his men taking the place of Colonel James Clinton's 3d New York (Ulster County) Militia, whose time was out. The next day, being in command at Montreal, Patterson despatched to the Cedars the relief party alluded to in the memoir. Colonel Greaton's regiment was now ordered to advance from Sorel for the support of the garrison, and it remained in the city till May 31, when Sullivan's brigade began to arrive. This latter officer, through representations of the commissioners, had been appointed to succeed General Thomas in place of General Wooster, recalled. Patterson's and Reed's regiments were in Montreal on June 15 when Arnold abandoned the city, at which time also General Sullivan retreated from his position at the mouth of the Sorel toward St. Johns.

Previous to this retreat General Sullivan had planned the battle of Three Rivers, and despatched

Brigadier-General William Thompson to attack the enemy at that point. The expedition failed, and Thompson, Colonel William Irvine, and a portion of his Pennsylvania regiment were taken prisoners. Later, in June, the chief command of the Northern Army was conferred upon Major-General Horatio Gates, and Sullivan returned to New York and was taken prisoner at the battle of Long Island, August 27 following.

NOTE 22, PAGE 26

Colonel Timothy Bedel, of the New Hampshire Rangers, who commanded at the Cedars, hearing that Captain George Forster⁷ was advancing against him from the mouth of the Oswegatchie (now Ogdensburg), under the pretense of going to Montreal for reinforcements, left the garrison in command of Major Isaac Butterfield, "an officer quite as void of courage as his superior." Forster had with him forty regulars of the 8th (or King's) Regiment, a hundred Canadians and 500 Indians under Brant, and "no artillery," says the English account. On the morning of Sunday, May 19, he began heavy fire of musketry, and Butterfield quietly surrendered without any show of resistance. The two pieces of field artillery (brass 6-pounders) with which the garrison was provided thus fell into the hands of the enemy and were the cannon alluded to in the memoir.

Colonel Patterson had meanwhile despatched (May 16) the relief party from his own regiment at Montreal, and Major Sherburne, who had just arrived in the city, offering to command the same, received therefore the thanks of the congressional commissioners, Chase and Carroll. The major marched, but could not find boats to cross till Saturday the 18th.

⁷ In November, 1776, major of the 21st or Royal North British Fusiliers.

He recrossed, however, that same evening, being fearful of an attack, since Captain Bliss, while looking for teams, had been taken prisoner only two miles from the landing-place by some savages and Canadians. On the following day, owing to the weather, only one boat crossed the river, but Captain Sullivan, who was in it, went to the priest's house where Bliss was confined and procured his release. On the 20th the whole party again crossed and Sherburne, leaving a guard of forty men, marched with about a hundred men for the Cedars, nine miles distant. After proceeding some five miles he fell into the ambuscade as described by Greenwood, toward five o'clock in the evening. A fierce battle raged for an hour and a half, when the Indians, having completely encircled them, rushed down upon the little band, disarmed them, and butchered about twenty, stripping the remainder and driving them in triumph to the fort. The Americans lost altogether fifty-eight and the enemy twenty-two, among whom was a Seneca brave. Captain John McKinstry's company had particularly distinguished itself, and that officer the Indians, from revenge, had determined to torture. Brant interposed, however, and with some English officers purchased an ox which was roasted instead of the prisoner. Some accounts say that the captain was only released from the stake when the great chief observed him making the masonic sign of distress.

On the succeeding day, according to Stedman's "History of the War," Forster advanced to Vaudreuil, six miles north of the Cedars, and on the 24th, having received intelligence that the enemy, under Colonel Arnold, had posted themselves at La Chine, nine miles from Montreal, he marched to attempt their dislodgment. He had advanced to within three miles of the place when, learning the number of the Americans, he retreated to Vaudreuil. Arnold with 700

men came up the river on Sunday the 26th to attack him, but on the succeeding day a cartel was agreed upon and signed for the exchange of two majors (Sherburne and Butterfield), nine captains, twenty subalterns and 443 soldiers. It was agreed that four American captains should be sent to Quebec as hostages and remain there until the prisoners were exchanged; these were Captains Ebenezer Sullivan and Theodore T. Bliss of Sherburne's party, and Captains John Stevens and Ebenezer Green of Major Butterfield's party.

NOTE 23, PAGE 26

On May 3, 1775, it was voted by the Rhode Island Assembly that a brigade of three regiments, 1500 men, be raised and enlisted to December, as part of an army of observation for the defense of the colony, and Nathanael Greene, Jr., was appointed brigadier-general. The three regiments were officered as follows:

1. Colonel Daniel Hitchcock; Lieutenant-Colonel Ezekiel Cornell; Major Israel Agnell; for Providence County; eight companies.
2. Colonel James Mitchell Varnum; Lieutenant-Colonel James Babcock; Major Christopher Green; for King's County and Kent; eight companies.
3. Colonel Thomas Church; Lieutenant-Colonel William Turner Miller; Major John Forrester, whose place was soon taken by Major Henry Sherburne; for Newport and Bristol counties; seven companies and one company of artillery, Captain (later Major) John Crane.

A small force of not more than 250 men was soon despatched en route toward Boston, and encamped on Jamaica Plains, some little distance southwest of Rox-

bury. They were under command of Lieutenant-Colonel William T. Miller of the 3d Regiment. General Greene arrived on Saturday, May 27, and the next day Colonel Hitchcock and Lieutenant-Colonel Cornell, Major Sherburne coming into camp toward evening. Soon after other companies, including the train of artillery with four field-pieces, arrived.⁸ June 17 some of the Rhode Island men participated in the battle of Bunker Hill, but the most of them were drawn out under arms as a reserve. Eleven days later the Assembly voted that the Rhode Island troops be put under the command of the general of the combined army, and when Washington arrived, July 3, one Rhode Island regiment and the New Hampshire troops occupied the entrenchments thrown up on Prospect Hill, and the other Rhode Island regiments were at Sewall's farm. After July 22 the three Rhode Island regiments, with four Massachusetts regiments, composed the brigade, under Brigadier-General Greene, which was part of the left wing, or Second Division, of the army commanded by Major-General Lee.

At a Council of General Officers held at Cambridge, November 2, 1775, for choosing the colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors for the new army (appointments to take effect after January 1, 1776), Major Henry Sherburne was assigned to Colonel John Patterson's 15th (Massachusetts) Regiment. On November 28 he was a member of the Court of Inquiry at Cambridge for examining into the conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Roger Enos, who had returned from Colonel Arnold's expedition to Quebec.

Henry Sherburne, of Newport, Rhode Island (son

⁸ Church, Miller, and Sherburne and Adjutants Bradford and Box were quartered in the Bradford House, Roxbury. ("New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. XI, pp. 136-140.)

probably of Colonel Benjamin Sherburne of that place), a graduate in 1759 of the College of New Jersey, was about thirty-five years of age when appointed, in 1775, major of the 3d Rhode Island Regiment. Subsequently, as will be seen from the memoir, he reached New York, March 30, 1776, as major of Colonel John Patterson's 15th (Massachusetts) Regiment, and on April 4 was despatched to Philadelphia by General Putnam with a letter to President Hancock applying for cash on account of the Continental forces then in the city. Congress voted on the 9th that \$200,000 be sent on by Major Sherburne. Detained thus on official business, Sherburne did not reach Montreal until his regiment was located there, and he immediately offered his services to take command of the relief party about to be despatched (May 16) to the Cedars. His account of this affair can be seen in the "American Archives," 4th Series, Vol. VI, p. 598, dated New York, June 18, when he was on his way to lay the whole unhappy case before Congress. He also carried a letter from General Arnold, dated Montreal, June 2, addressed to the congressional commissioners, Chase and Carroll, on their way from Canada to Philadelphia ("American Archives," 5th Series, Vol. I, p. 165, etc.). On July 15 Congress allowed him fifty-five dollars for his expenses since leaving Canada (June 6), with further allowance of eight days' expenses to join his regiment at Ticonderoga. About the middle of November the regiment was ordered to proceed southward as soon as boats could be procured on Lake George and to join General Washington's forces. Sherburne's letter to Major-General Gates while en route, dated Esopus, December 12, is in "American Archives," 5th Series, Vol. III, p. 1192.

On October 28, 1776, the Rhode Island Assembly resolved that two battalions be immediately raised by the State, agreeable to requisition of the Continental

Congress, and appointed to the First Battalion Colonel James M. Varnum (who declined), Lieutenant-Colonel Adam Comstock (who died in Saratoga County, New York, April 10, 1819, aged eighty years), and Major Henry Sherburne; David Hitchcock was appointed colonel of the Second Battalion. Sherburne had been recommended by General Washington among other officers for the new establishment, in a letter to Governor Cook dated from headquarters, Harlem Heights, October 12.

In May, 1777, Sherburne was colonel in command of one of the sixteen additional battalions raised by order of Congress, and in the fall and spring of 1778-9 his regiment appears to have been at Seacownet. In April, 1780, when they were quartered at Parasmus, that place was attacked by a party of the enemy, who fired the house which had been occupied by the regiment and took fifty-two prisoners, including several officers.

In May, 1782, Henry Sherburne, Esq., who had retired from service in January, 1781, was a deputy from Newport to the Rhode Island General Assembly. In December, 1783, the officers of the Society of the Cincinnati in Rhode Island were: Major-General Nathanael Greene, president; Major-General James M. Varnum, vice-president; Colonel Henry Sherburne, secretary, etc. In May, 1784, he was appointed to assist the secretary in preparing the "Acts and Orders of the General Assembly" for the press, and was authorized to hire a suitable room for his accommodation at Providence at the expense of the State. He was also employed to settle the accounts between his native State and the United States. In February, 1786, his pay for services in the army of the United States, amounting to £257:7:2, was ordered to be paid; part was paid at the time and the balance, with interest, voted to be paid in October, 1789. Toward the close of October, 1792,

he was elected by the two houses as General Treasurer of the State, vice Joseph Clarke, deceased, a position which he held until 1818. He died six years later, aged about eighty-four years, collector for Newport, Rhode Island.

NOTE 24, PAGE 34

Captain James Wilkinson, an aide-de-camp of Arnold, on his way down the river with a message to General Sullivan at Sorel, discovered the enemy's vessels, delayed by a failure of wind. This was about three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, June 15, 1776. The distance was not more than fourteen miles and, having landed, the captain procured a horse, dashed back to Longueuil, got across the river, gave the alarm, and started off again to find Sullivan. The latter succeeded in getting his men safely down to Chambly (it was "sauve qui peut"), and Arnold, who had succeeded in embarking the Montreal garrison about 7 P.M., was but a few miles in advance.

Arnold took with him a quantity of rum, molasses, wine, etc., which, as he wrote General Sullivan on the following day from La Prairie, he had seized for the use of the army. On the 17th they reached St. Johns, and Isle-aux-Noix the following day. Here they rested a week and did not arrive at Crown Point before July 1, "almost beat out, having had very little else but salt pork and wheat meal for six weeks," says Colonel William Bond in a letter to his wife. ("New England Genealogical Register," Vol. IV, p. 71.)

At Isle-aux-Noix, on June 23, only sixteen of Patterson's regiment drew rations, and, writes General Sullivan to Washington the next day, "as but five of these were fit for duty, I have just ordered them on to Crown Point to join the rest of their regiment who are there, all sick."

NOTE 25, PAGE 38

General Gates, with the remnants of Patterson's, Stark's, Read's, and Poor's regiments from the Northern Army, left Albany December 2, reached Goshen on the 8th, and the Moravian settlement of Bethlehem, by way of Minisink on the Delaware, on the evening of the 15th. Leaving this point on the 17th, he joined Washington three days later at his headquarters in the village of Newtown, on a small branch of the Neshaminy. Sullivan arrived the same day with Lee's division, and on the 24th Gates set out for Baltimore. It was on Christmas night that the commander-in-chief, accompanied by Sullivan and Greene, crossed the Delaware about eight miles above Trenton at M'Conkey's Ferry (now Taylorsville or Washington's Crossing) with some 2400 men and twenty pieces of artillery under Colonel Knox.

NOTE 26, PAGE 42

"On Christmas-day in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fix'd,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see ! the boats below !
The light obscured by hail and snow !
But no signs of dismay."

—*Old Song.*

Sullivan's division came down the river road and encountered the British advance near Rutherford's Place, at the southwestern part of the town. The enemy endeavored to form a battery in King (Warren) Street, near where the canal-feeder crosses the way, but Captain William Washington and Lieutenant James Monroe (afterward President) rushed forward with a small party and, driving off the artillerymen, captured two of the pieces just as the gunners were about to fire.

Colonel Rahl fell by a musket-ball fired by Captain Frederick Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. "The ghosts of forty of his countrymen accompanied him; and very nearly 1000 were made prisoners," says Weems. "The enemy laid down their arms on the field between the Presbyterian Church and Park Place, then called the Old Iron Works," according to Lossing. The trophies were six brass field-pieces, 1000 stands of arms, twelve drums, and four colors. These latter, the first captured by General Washington, included the splendid Anspacher flag, afterward in the museum at Alexandria. The first flag taken during the war and suspended over the speaker's chair in Congress was the regimental one of the garrison at St. Johns, Canada, which surrendered to General Montgomery in November, 1775.

Captain John Polhemus, of the 1st New Jersey Regiment, says in his diary that the prisoners were confined "in Newtown jail and yard. There being a severe snowstorm the officers were quartered in the same house with General Patterson and myself." The men were allowed their baggage and sent off to the western counties of Pennsylvania with their packs unsearched.

NOTE 27, PAGE 50

In several books published toward the beginning of the eighteenth century, giving descriptions or representations of the world's marine flags, we find the flag of New England.⁹ English works depict it as red, with a red cross of St. George on a white canton, in the first quarter of which is the green pine-tree placed on the Massachusetts coinage as early as 1652. French

⁹ See article on "New England and the United States Flag" by the writer in "Notes and Queries," London, January, 1862, pp. 72-74; also "Revolutionary Uniforms and Flags" in *Potter's American Monthly*, January, 1876, Vol. VI, pp. 31-34.

and Dutch works describe the flag as blue, similarly cantoned, bearing in the first quarter "une sphère céleste," typical of America, usually called the New World. The writer has a chart published at Augsburg during the American Revolution, in which the flag still appears.¹⁰

The Massachusetts Council in April, 1776, resolved that their armed cruisers should carry a white flag with a green pine-tree and the inscription "An Appeal to Heaven," being the same as had been raised during the previous fall over the Continental floating batteries around Boston. We know, too, that it was borne by at least one of the small armed vessels fitted out by General Washington which had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the enemy before the close of 1775. To this device of the tree Manley had, in the *Cumberland* flag, added the snake and motto which appeared September, 1765, after the passage of the Stamp Act, as a heading to the *Constitutional Courant*, a single sheet printed at Burlington, New Jersey. In 1774 the *Massachusetts Spy* also adopted this motto and device.

As the United States flag of thirteen alternate red and white horizontal stripes, with thirteen white stars on a blue canton, was adopted by Congress June 14, 1777, and as Manley was a captain in the regular naval service though temporarily in command of a Massachusetts privateer, it would appear that he regarded "the stars and stripes" as peculiar to a national vessel of war.

NOTE 28, PAGE 53

Vice-Admiral Byron, of the *Princess Royal*, in his report to the Admiralty dated from Gros Islet Bay, St. Lucie, February 4, 1779, has the following: "The

¹⁰ The same chart gives the American national striped ensign with a golden "fleur-de-lis" over the stars, complimentary to the French alliance.

Pomona frigate arrived here the 2d inst., and at Barbadoes the 29th of last month, having made the passage to that island in twenty-six days from Spithead. Captain (Hon. William) Waldegrave fell in with and took an American privateer of twenty guns, called the *Cumberland*, about ten leagues to windward of Barbadoes, after a chase of several hours. She had been but a short time from Boston, and had only taken a transport from Newfoundland, with some recruits for the Nova Scotia volunteers; which transport was dismasted on the coast of America, and the *Venus* retook her with all the recruits close in with Martinique. The *Cumberland* is a new ship and sails very fast; she was commanded by a Mr. Manley, the same person who commanded the frigate called the *Hancock* when she was taken." (Almon's "Remembrancer," Vol. VII, p. 288.)

NOTE 29, PAGE 57

In December, 1811, Dr. John Greenwood was visited by Captain Thomas Pratt, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, whose son, Dr. Thomas Pratt (Harvard College, 1815, M.D. 1818), died 1820. Greenwood and Pratt were then the only known survivors of the *Cumberland's* crew.

NOTE 30, PAGE 59

In the prison at Barbadoes the authorities had confined an old Jew, from whom Greenwood learned a certain song which he was accustomed to sing frequently in after life. The first verse, to the air of the "Countess of Coventry's Minuet," was as follows:

"This world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
How strange does it seem when in looking around,
That source of content is so scarce to be found."

Other special favorites with him were the "Massachusetts Song of Liberty," which first appeared in 1768, sung to the air of "Hearts of Oak":

"Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall";

and Dibdin's "Sea Song":

"In storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll and lightnings fly,
In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms";

and the "Drum":

"Come each gallant lad, who for pleasure
 quits care,
To the drum, to the drum, to the drum-
 head with spirits repair;
Each recruit takes his glass,
Each young soldier toasts his lass,
While the drum beats tattoo (bis)
We retire the sweet night to pass."

"Another of father's songs," says his son, "remained impressed on my memory from youth in the following curious gibberish:

" 'Dong song, carry me over,
 Vive le roi, dunkerney';

until one day it burst upon me that this was the French war-cry of 1792:

" 'Dansons la Carmagnole,
 Vive le son du canon!' "

NOTE 31, PAGE 63

David Porter, born 1754; a native of Massachusetts ("New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. XXX, p. 460); captain in 1778 of the Maryland armed sloop *Delight*, six guns; first lieutenant, July 7, 1779, of the New Hampshire armed ship *Putnam*, Captain D. Waters, of the Penobscot expedition, burned August 14; captain of the Boston ship *Tartar*, twenty-eight guns, 150 men, from about November, 1779, to May, 1780; captain of the Boston letter-of-marque ship *Aurora*, sixteen guns, from October, 1780, to May, 1781. A list of the crew's names, ages, etc., on the last-named ship was sworn to by him, June 22, 1781, before Justice Joseph Greenleaf of Suffolk County, and he is described as being in "stature five feet, ten inches." In November, 1783, he was permitted to keep the "North End Coffee Home and Tavern" in Boston, opposite Hancock's Wharf. He removed to Baltimore and was appointed, August 5, 1792, to the command of the U. S. revenue cutter *Active*, vice Simon Goss, and died in 1808. His eldest son, Commodore David Porter, was born February 1, 1780, in Charter Street, Boston; captain, July 2, 1812; and died March 3, 1843. Commodore Porter was the father of Admiral David Porter, U.S.N., who died in Washington, District of Columbia, February 13, 1891, aged seventy-eight years.

NOTE 32, PAGE 66

Boston papers of March 6, 1780, give accounts by which we learn that about the 4th inst. there had arrived at Portsmouth a ship of 350 tons, mounting sixteen 6-pounders, prize to the privateer ship *Tartar*, Captain Porter, out of Boston. She was bound from New York for Jamaica for a freight home, and had a cargo of provisions, powder, shot, etc. She had sailed

from New York with the West India fleet and was in sight of the shipping in Port Royal, Jamaica, when Captain Porter fell in with her, but made no resistance. The *Tartar* also took a sloop with rum, molasses, cotton, etc., which had not arrived.

The *Continental Journal*, also the *Independent Chronicle*, of March 9, 1780, both of Boston, give an extract from a Martinique letter of February 6 referring to the above prize as having been sent to Portsmouth. Porter also took the ship *Wallace*, William Stephenson, master.

NOTE 33, PAGE 67

In 1779 Captain John (or Jonathan) Carnes commanded the *Hector*, eighteen guns, 150 men, which, as one of Commodore Saltonstall's squadron in the Penobscot expedition, was destroyed August 14 of that year. The brig *General Lincoln*, Captain John Carnes, from Port-au-Prince to Salem, with West India produce, was taken Sunday, May 21, 1780, by the *Iris*, 32, Captain James Hawker, then returning from Charleston, South Carolina, to New York,¹¹ where on July 6 her crew was paid their prize money.

In March, 1781, Captain Carnes, of Salem, who was fitting at Martinique for another cruise, had sent in a prize brig with 200 pipes of Madeira wine. By an article in the *Independent Chronicle* (Salem), May 7, 1781, we learn that his brig *Montgomery* had arrived, having sent in three prizes; he had also engaged a large British cutter and lost his lieutenant and had five wounded. Before August he had again sailed from Salem in the ship *Porus*,¹² twenty 9-pounders, 130 men, which the *Essex Gazette* (Salem) of February 28,

¹¹ *Rivington's Gazette*, May 31, 1780.

¹² *Essex Gazette*, February 27, 1783, states that "the privateer ship *Porus* had arrived at Martinique with a prize ship."

1782, states had been "lately taken into Barbadoes." A sloop with forty hogsheads of rum, prize to the *Porus*, Captain Carnes, from St. Martins to Halifax, was carried into Salem early in June, 1782, at which time Carnes himself was a naval prisoner in New York, and we hear of him as being again carried a prisoner into the same port in October, when in command of the ship *Mohawk*, twenty guns, eighty men, from Beverly.

NOTE 34, PAGE 71

"The commissary for the naval prisoners was a Scotchman named David Sproat, a fellow whose face put his scarlet coat out of countenance." (Dunlap's "History of New York.")

"Hell has no mischief like a thirsty throat,
Nor one tormentor like your David Sproat."
—Frenau's "British Prison-ship."

"I do hereby command all Captains, Commanders, Masters and Prize Masters of ships and other vessels, who bring naval prisoners into this port, immediately after their arrival to send a list of their names to this office, No. 33 in Maiden Lane, where they will receive an order how to dispose of them.

"DAVID SPROAT,
Commissary General, N. P."¹³

New York, April 28, 1780.

NOTE 35, PAGE 71

Edward Watkeys's soap and candle factory, No. 19 Nassau Street, was burned on the night of August 24, 1808; his wife, daughter, two children, and a servant perished in the flames. Mr. Watkeys died about March, 1813, aged seventy-three years.

¹³ *Rivington's Royal Gazette*, June 30, 1780.

NOTE 36, PAGE 73

Probably the *Race Horse*, brig, six guns, fifteen men, Captain Nathaniel Thayer, of Massachusetts. A fast schooner of this name, about forty tons, was sold at auction, Griffin's Wharf, May 23, 1780.

NOTE 37, PAGE 77

General Cornwallis arrived from the Carolinas and took command, May 20, 1781, of the Department of the South at Petersburg, Virginia, uniting with the late General Phillips's forces, and sending Arnold, whom Phillips had been sent from New York to reinforce, back to that city. At the time Lafayette was at Richmond on the James River, but moved down later on to Williamsburg. Yorktown and Gloucester had been taken possession of by Cornwallis on August 4, and at the end of the month De Grasse entered the Chesapeake with the French fleet.

Washington and Rochambeau arrived at camp September 14, as did, within the next ten days, the greater part of the American army. Investiture of the enemy at York began on the 28th, and a surrender was made October 19.

NOTE 38, PAGE 78

The Virginia governor, Lord Dunmore, with his few armed vessels (the *Fowey*, *Otter*, and *Dunmore*) and his motley flotilla of light craft, in all seventy-two sail, driven out from his stronghold on Gwynn's Island by the American shore batteries, came to anchor off the mouth of the Potomac July 11, 1776. In order to replenish his stock of provisions, wood, and water, and to procure recruits for the loyal regiment which he had inaugurated, a short excursion up to St. George Island, Hopkins Island, Nanticoke Point, and the opposite eastern shore of the Chesapeake was made by

the *Fowey* and some of the tenders. Early in August Dunmore was still lying off the Potomac but had burned some of his small craft which were unfit for sea, and had despatched others to the south with tory refugees who sought safety in Florida or the West Indies. On the 7th of the month he himself sailed from the Capes, and a week later Sir Peter Parker brought his lordship's fleet of twenty-five sail into Sandy Hook, whence he departed on November 13 for England with a large number of transports convoyed by the *Fowey* and *Active*.

Governor Dunmore's pilot on the Chesapeake was Joseph Whayland, Jr., of Dorchester County, Maryland, who in July, 1776, had command of three tenders at Smyth's Island. On or about the 15th, being in a creek making out of Holland Straits on a small schooner with three men, he was seized by a detachment of Colonel William C. Traverse's Corps from Hooper Straits under Major Daniel Fallen, and on August 3 the Maryland Committee of Safety sent him to prison until their next convention. Subsequently he was committed, September 12, to the log jail in Frederick County, to be confined until he should make restitution to a party named White whose sloop he had caused to be destroyed, and was ordered to give such security to the Council of Safety as they should judge necessary for his future good behavior. From the jail at Annapolis he petitioned the convention, October 28, being naked and without money, for clothing lost at the time of his capture, and Major Fallen was directed to deliver over all of said clothing then in his possession.

Whether Whayland was released or escaped from confinement does not appear, but he eventually made his way to New York, where Admiral Arbuthnot encouraged privateering, and probably commenced his marauding when the admiral lay in Lynnhaven Bay.

Intelligence from Baltimore, August 21, 1781, states that several picaroons from New York infesting the Chesapeake Bay had lately taken some small vessels near the mouth of the Potomac. The following spring five of these small privateers were reported to be armed barges or gunboats, and about May, 1782, some of them attacked and took an armed boat from Annapolis near Tangier Island; it was a severe fight and the commander, Captain Grayson, and several of his men were slain. An Alexandria letter of July 12 says that the Salem brig *Ranger*, eight guns and twenty men, which had sailed the week before for the West Indies, was attacked by two barges on the night of the 5th, between 12 and 1 P.M., while lying off St. Marys near the mouth of the Potomac. They were commanded by the noted Whayland and one Barry, and after a severe fight of an hour and a half Captain T. Simmons, of the *Ranger*, drove them off with pikes, it being too close to use his guns. Whayland himself was wounded and one of his men, a negro, was taken prisoner, while Barry and twenty-four men were killed and buried near by on St. George Island. Captain Simmons lost one man, and he and his first mate being wounded, they returned to Annapolis. Later the *Ranger*, Captain Perkins, sailed for Havana and finally reached Salem, Massachusetts, on December 18, 1782.

Just after this last event, that is, on July 8, the schooner *Greyhound*, "a beautiful boat," laden with salt, peas, pork, bacon, and dry-goods, belonging to Furnival and Gerock, of Baltimore, was taken in Hooper Straits "by that notorious renegade-pirate Joe Whaland," whose lieutenant, Timmons, had recently executed two brothers on the eastern shore. Mr. Furnival, who was on board the *Greyhound*, the skipper, and all the hands were detained for twenty-four hours on the barge, and after being plundered and robbed of everything, were set on shore at a place called

Dan (or Dames) Quarter, near Devil's Isle, which at the time harbored a number of desperate adventurers. While on shore and before being released, they saw "several other bay craft fall into the fangs of the same vultures." The prize was sent up to New York.

Later on the *Lady Washington* schooner, with flour from Baltimore to Havana, was taken in the bay "by an armed British galley called the *Revenge*, commanded by a certain Joseph Whayland." Retaken at sea, the prize was sent into Philadelphia in August and the case was tried before a Court of Admiralty at the State House on September 17.

Saturday, November 30, three refugee barges from New York attacked the Maryland State galley *Protector*, which was taken after its commander, Captain Whalley, was killed and sixty-five out of his seventy-five men either slain or wounded. This was said to be the most bloody conflict during the war, and is mentioned in Rivington's *New York Gazette* of December 28.

Early in March, 1783, seven or eight armed barges, manned principally by white and black refugees, were cruising in the bay in quest of plunder and had taken some small craft. A party of these desperadoes had landed from the notorious Joe Whayland's barge and burned the dwelling-house and buildings of Mr. Benjamin Mackall on the Patuxent, in Calvert County, Maryland; the loss was estimated at £3000. After this exploit Whayland was reported as having been "in chase of his own father who has arrived here (Philadelphia) and thinks himself fortunate in having escaped the horrid fangs of his graceless, renegade son."

Both Gaines and Rivington mention two prize schooners of the *Victory* privateer, Captain Whayland (or Wallen), which had arrived in New York from the Chesapeake on Sunday, March 30, 1783. What was the ultimate fate of this noted refugee I fail to learn; probably, judging from the following information, a

short shrift and a long rope. A Baltimore letter of August 24, 1784, states that he was still the terror of the Chesapeake, committing daily depredations on the coasting vessels and murdering or plundering their crews. "We are informed," says a letter of the times,¹⁴ "that the vessel that Whayland employs for the above infamous purpose is a topsail schooner with black sides and bottom, full of men, and draws but three and a half feet water. He has also several boats well armed, so that it is dangerous for any vessels to go within sight of him. How long this fellow may reign is uncertain, as there is no armed vessel here to go in quest of him."

NOTE 39, PAGE 84

With the sloop-of-war *Otter*, her two tenders, and her several small prizes at the mouth of the Patapsco River, it was resolved by the Baltimore Committee on Friday, March 8, 1776, that the trading schooner *Resolution*, Captain William Wand, belonging to the firm of Lux and Bowley, should "in the present emergency" be fitted out as a tender for the State ship *Defense*, Captain James Nicholson. She was to carry eight or ten 3-pounders and a crew of seventy men, and it was thought she could be got ready by Sunday morning. Her services were not required on this occasion, however, as on the 9th the *Otter* made sail down the bay and Nicholson returned up the river with some of the prizes which had been abandoned. The names of several sailing captains had been proposed as officers for the tender when, on April 26, the Committee of Safety directed Captain Nicholson to officer the schooner, which then had a crew of forty men, out of his own ship. Afterward, September 12, the committee was empowered by the State Convention to sell the *Resolution*, but some three weeks later they were

¹⁴ *New Jersey Gazette*, September 13, 1784.

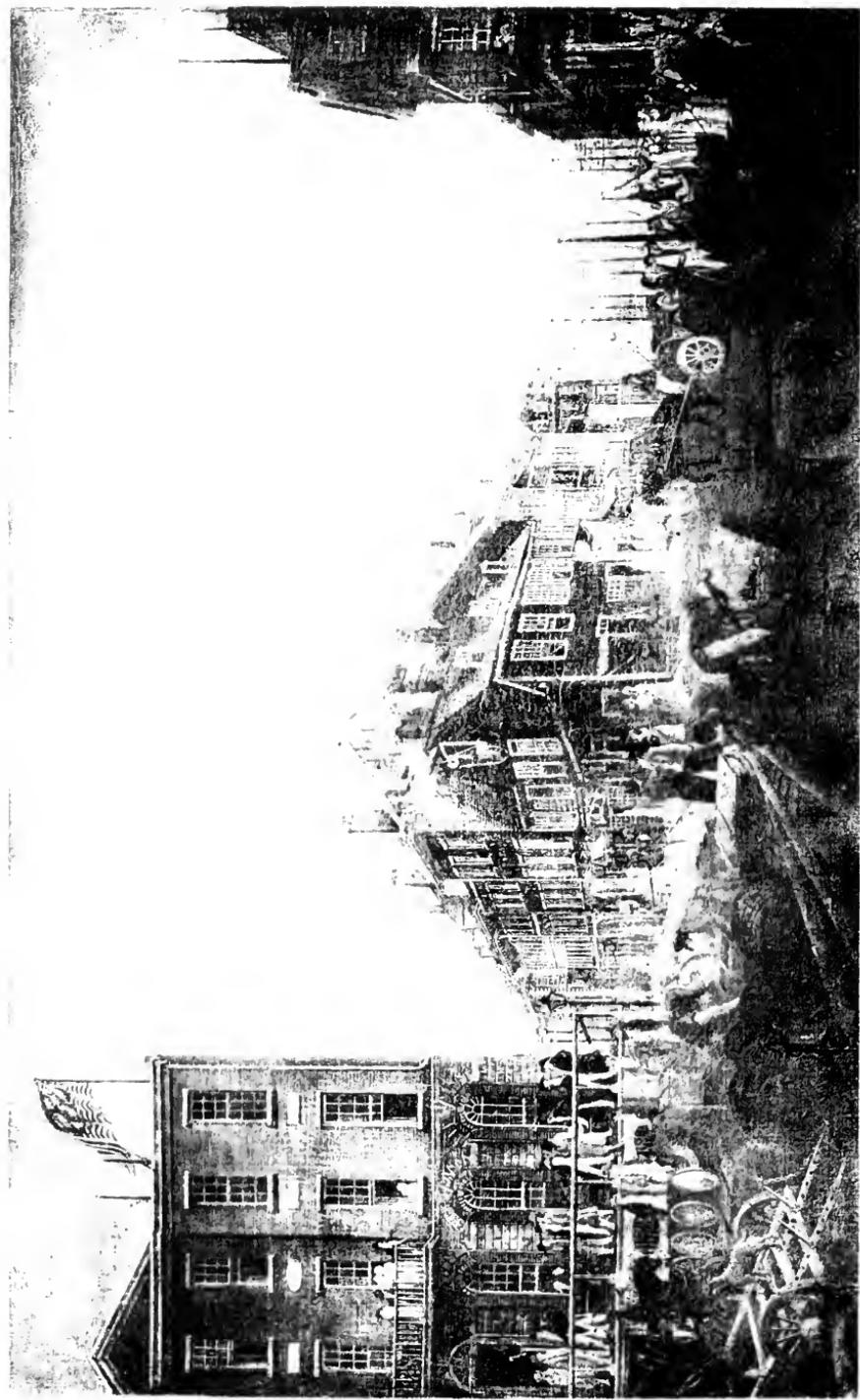
directed to fit out, load, and send her on a voyage at the expense and risk of the State. Accordingly the schooner sailed for Martinique about December 9, 1776, with a cargo of tobacco, flour, and breadstuffs, and with Captain John Carey in command.

NOTE 40, PAGE 86

The *Santa Margareta*, a Spanish 44-gun prize captured off Lisbon in 1779 by the *Tartar*, Captain Fairfax, was taken into commission and fitted out at Sheerness, and the command given to Captain Elliot Salter early in 1781. She carried thirty-two guns and 220 men. During the summer she sent some prizes into Cork, and sailing thence with a convoy of forty-two sail, reached New York October 7. She was in the rear division of the fleet which left the latter port on October 19 for the relief of General Cornwallis, and returning to New York she continued to cruise from that quarter during the following year (1782). On August 1 she returned to the harbor chased by six French men-of-war, one of them an 84-gun ship; a few days before, after a long close engagement off Cape Henlopen, she had taken the frigate *L'Amazone*, thirty-six guns, 300 men, but was obliged to abandon her prize, though some of the crew were brought in. On October 13 other prizes were sent in, one of them the Salem privateer *Hendrick*, captured September 29 off Bermuda. On her return from her last cruise during the war she left Port Royal Harbor, Jamaica, March 26, 1783, and arrived at New York April 14.

NOTE 41, PAGE 86

Henry Nicholls commanded in the West Indies the 197-ton cutter *Barracouta*, fourteen guns, twelve swivels, sixty men, which was bought in 1782 and paid off in March, 1783. Toward the close of the year he was in command of the 14-gun cutter *Echo*, in the Newfoundland Squadron of Vice-Admiral John Campbell.



No. 199 Water Street, northeast corner of Wall Street, where John Greenwood first lived in New York, in 1783

(From a painting by Francis Guy; by courtesy of The New York Historical Society)

Commissioned a captain December 1, 1788, he commanded in 1791 the *Formidable*, ninety-eight guns, flag-ship of the Hon. J. L. Gower, rear-admiral of the White, and in the *Royal Sovereign*, 110 guns, the flag-ship of Thomas Graves, Esq., admiral of the Blue, he was in the fight of June 1, 1794, off Ushant, and was subsequently presented with a gold medal.

NOTE 42, PAGE 88

The author of the memoir, having returned to his Boston home in the spring of 1783, sailed throughout the summer as mate of a brig bound for Ocoa on the south coast of Santo Domingo. As he did not like the captain, a Frenchman, he remained for a time on the island and returned during the winter on a small schooner. After working for a few weeks for his father, a young friend, Mr. Samuel Richards (who had served an apprenticeship in Edward Tuckerman's bakery and was selling knickknacks, gingerbread, etc., in the town), proposed that if he should buy a small fishing schooner and load her with a cargo of Yankee notions, Greenwood might navigate her down to Baltimore. This scheme was carried out. At Baltimore his former employers wanted him to take the command of a new brig for the island of Madeira, but at the earnest entreaty of Richards he declined the offer and helped his friend barter off his precious freight. On the return trip, as the owner declined to pay the expense of a pilot, Greenwood brought the vessel safely through the Vineyard Sound on a stormy night and made a temporary harbor near Cape Cod. He made three more trading trips for Mr. Richards, when the latter sold the schooner and began importing hardware from England.¹⁵

¹⁵ He died, a rich man, at Dedham, in August, 1844, aged eighty-seven.

It came about that with business in a state of stagnation after the war, Greenwood, by this time a thoroughbred seaman, could no longer find employment, and so, after again working for a time in his father's shop at the turning business, he set out for New York. He traveled, as he says, with a light heart; in his pocket eight dollars which he had saved up, and in his kit, with some tools, a few fifes, drumsticks, lemon squeezers, and hum-tops. At No. 24 Old Slip he found his elder brother, Isaac Greenwood, occupying a room in Mr. Robertson's house and there pursuing his father's profession. He himself procured board and lodging at twenty shillings a week with a Mr. Lewis Harrington, at No. 199 Water Street, on the northeasterly corner of Wall Street, in a house belonging to Mr. Archibald Kennedy. His eight dollars he lent to a friend to keep him from jail, and then tried, unsuccessfully however, to get to sea again. Finally he hired half a shop in the same building in which he boarded from a Mr. J. Quincy, instrument maker, and helped that gentleman to rub up and repair old quadrants and compasses. He also made some hickory walking-sticks, and these, as the streets were dangerous after nightfall, found a temporary sale. Altogether he earned just about enough to pay his expenses, but had to debar himself, he says, of a pint of beer when the day's labor was over.

After a while, however, he bought out the business of Mr. Quincy, who returned to Boston or Salem, and as his brother Isaac¹⁶ had by this time left New York and located himself in Providence, Rhode Island, John Greenwood, at the instance of his friend Dr. John Gamage, also took up the profession of his father in Boston, and carried it on in connection with his business of a turner and mathematical instrument maker. He succeeded so well that he soon had to send for his two

¹⁶ He returned to the city in 1810, after the death of his brother Clark Greenwood.

younger brothers, Clark and William P. Greenwood, to help him.

At the time of his decease, in November, 1819, Dr. John Greenwood's remains were laid in the family vault of the old Brick Church, corner of Beekman Street and Chatham (Park) Row. They were removed later on to the vault in the Marble Cemetery, and are now at rest in Greenwood Cemetery.

APPENDIX A, PAGE 13

Two regiments of minute-men were organized in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, prior to the outbreak of the American Revolution. Colonel John Patterson commanded the regiment raised in the northern and central parts of the county, with Jeremiah Cady, of Gageborough (afterward Windsor), as major. Patterson reached Cambridge before May 14, 1775, with five companies commanded by Captains Samuel Sloan, Nathan Watkins, Charles Dibble, David Noble, and Thomas Williams. Captain Noble, of Pittsfield, when his company enlisted for eight months, is said to have sold his farm lands, armed his men, and put them into a uniform of blue coats faced with white, and buckskin breeches. A young doctor, Timothy Childs, was lieutenant in this company; on July 5 he was appointed surgeon of the regiment and resigned in 1777.

Colonel John Patterson's Regiment,
or 12th Massachusetts Bay Regiment of Foot,
as commissioned May 27, 1775

Field Officers—John Patterson, Colonel;
Seth Read, Lieutenant-Colonel;
Jeremiah Cady, Major.

Staff Officers—Not returned.

<i>Captains</i>	<i>Lieutenants</i>	<i>Ensigns</i>
Samuel Shelton	John Bacon	Nahum Powers
William Wyman	Samuel Chapin	Enos Parker
Joseph Morse	William Boardin	
Samuel Sloan	Zebed. Sabins	Peter White
Charles Dibble	Simeon Smith	
William Goodrich	David Pixly	Josiah Wright
David Noble	Joseph Wilch	—— Ashley
Thomas Williams	Orange Stoddard	Samuel Wilcox
Nathan Watkins	William Clark	Total 496

On June 17, the day of the Bunker Hill fight, the company of Captain Theodore T. Bliss was joined to Colonel Patterson's regiment, and on the 26th the Massachusetts Provincial Congress ordered the companies, if they were about full, of Captain John McKinstry, of Spencer, New York, and Captain — Porter, of Becket, to join; this order, however, was not carried out by Porter. Captain Goodrich's company was composed mostly of Stockbridge Indians, who were sent home during the summer by General Washington, and in September the captain joined Arnold's expedition to Quebec. Lieutenant Pixly subsequently attained to the rank of colonel and settled on Campbell's Location, west of Owego. In the *Essex Gazette*, August 17-24, 1775, Lemuel Allen, of Ashford, Connecticut, wearing "a blue coat with buff colour'd Cuffs and Lapels," is advertised as a deserter from Captain William Goodrich's company, in Colonel Patterson's regiment, Charlestown Camp.

Captain John McKinstry, Jr., was born at Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1745, the son of John McKinstry, a native of Armagh, Ireland, said to have been a captain in the British army. The son served in the French and Indian wars, married Elizabeth Knox, of Rumford (or Concord), and settled in Nobletown,¹ a tract some five miles square in the southerly part of Hillsdale Township (Columbia County, New York), a section which later on came west of the dividing line between the States of Massachusetts and New York. Captain (subsequently Colonel) McKinstry died at Livingston, New York, in 1822; his son George died in 1866, aged ninety-four years, the father of Augustus McKinstry, of Hudson, New York, and of Commodore James Paterson McKinstry, U.S.N., who died in February, 1873, aged sixty-six years.

¹ In the northern part of Hillsdale was a similar tract called Spencertown.

In the "Massachusetts Revolutionary Rolls," Vol. LVI, pp. 172-177½, we have a return, dated October 6, 1775, "of the names and places of residence of all the Commissioned, non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers which have enlisted in the 26th Regiment of Foot now in the Continental Service."

	<i>Field and Staff</i>			
<i>Col.</i>	John Patterson	Lenox,	Berks.	May 27, 1775
<i>Lt.-Col.</i>	Seth Read	Uxbridge,	Worc.	" "
<i>Major</i>	Jeremiah Cady	Gageborough, "	Berks.	" "
<i>Chaplain</i>	David Avery ²	"	"	"
<i>Adjt.</i>	William Walker	Lenox,	"	"
<i>Surgn.</i>	Timothy Childs	Pittsfield,	"	July 5, "
<i>Q. Master</i>	Gerrard Fitch	Stockbridge, Pittsfield,	"	"
<i>Surgn's. Mate</i>	Jona. Lee	Stockbridge,	"	June 30, "
<i>Dep. Comr.</i>	Enoch Woodbridge			

² From Holden, Massachusetts.

Captains

			<i>First Lieutenants</i>	
Sam. Sloan	Wms. Town, Nobletown	Berk.	Zebed. Sabins Th. McKinstry	Wms. Town, Nobletown
John McKinstry	Stockbridge,	"	David Pixley	Stockbridge, Pepperellboro, (or Saco)
Wm. Goodrich	Boston		John Cumston (or Cumpston)	York Norf.
Theo. T. Bliss			John Bacon	Needham, Uxbridge, Worc.
Sam. Kilton (or Shelton)	Needham,	Norf.	"	Sam. Chapel (or Chapin)
Wm. Wyman	Roxbury,			Wm. Clark Wm. Boden (or Boaden)
[147]		Partridgefield, Natick,	Berk. Midl.	Gageborough, Natick,
Nathan Watkins				Berk. Midl.
Joseph Morse (or Moss)				"
Chas. Dibble	Lenox,	Berk.	Simeon Smith	Lenox,
David Noble	Pittsfield,	"	Joseph Welch (or Wilch)	Richmont,
Th. Williams	Stockbridge,	"	Moses Ashley	Hartwood, "

Second Lieutenants

Enos Parker	E. Hoosuck,	Berk.
John Penoyer	Sharon	
Edward Cumston (or Cumpston)	Pepperellboro, (or Saco)	York
Nahum Powers	Greenwich	
Peter White	Uxbridge,	Worc.
Wm. Watkins	Partridgefield,	Berk.
Jedidiah Sanger	Sherburn	"
Amos Porter	Lenox,	"
Josiah Wright	Pittsfield,	"
Orringh Stoddard	Stockbridge,	"

Captain Wyman's company had fifty-one rank and file, the majority from Uxbridge; there were five sergeants, four corporals, two drums, and two fifes; a private, John McGrath, "residence unknown," wounded June 17, died September 20, 1775, was the only casualty in the regiment on the day of the Bunker Hill fight. In Captain Morse's company a number of the men were from Natick; one private, James Greenwood, was from Framingham. Most of the men in Captain Dibble's company were from Lenox. Captain Noble's men were from Pittsfield and Richmont; the captain died at Crown Point in July, 1776. The regiment numbered, during the summer of 1775, over 600³ rank and file, counting the Indians, etc., under Captain Goodrich.

An advertisement of September 21, 1775, in the *Essex Gazette*, notes the desertion of William Merry, of Biddeford, in Saco, a private in "Captain Theodore Bliss's company, in Colonel Patterson's regiment, in Charlestown Camp," wearing a fustian coat, striped gingham waistcoat, and a pair of velvet breeches.

³ Of this number over thirty were on command, after September, in Quebec, nine were in the train, eight had been discharged, seven had deserted and one returned, and five had died.

15th Regiment of Foot in the Army of the United Colonies
January 1, 1776

Field Officers—John Patterson, Colonel; Seth Read,⁴
Lieutenant-Colonel; Henry Sherburn,
Major.

Staff Officers—As in 1775.

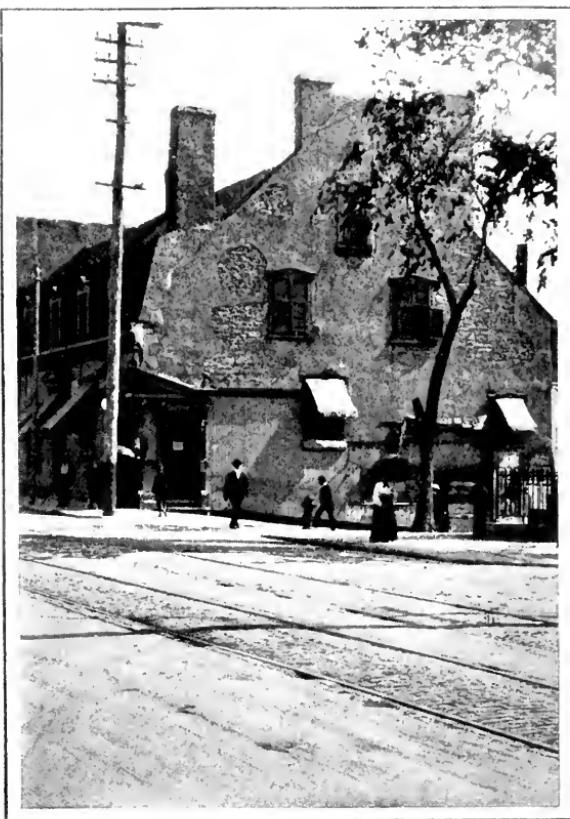
<i>Captains</i>	<i>First Lieutenants</i>	<i>Second Lieutenants</i>	<i>Ensigns</i>
David Noble	Wm. Aug. Patterson ⁵	Sol. Martin ⁵	Mathias Hall ⁶
John McKinstry	Ih. McKinstry	Jno. Pennoyer	Gerard Fitch ⁷
Sam. Sloan	Peter White	Jehiel Jackson ⁵	Dav. Johnson ⁶
Sam. Sayer ⁵	Sam. Chapin	Jermh. Littlefield ⁵	Sam. Stevens ⁵
Wm. Wyman	John Bacon	Joshua Traston ⁵	Belcher Hancock ⁶
Ebenez. Sullivan ⁵	Joseph Welch	Nathan Lord ⁵	Jos. Johnson ⁵
Moses Ashley	Wm. Walker ⁷	Jermh. Miller ⁶	Job Priest ⁵
Theo. T. Bliss	Edwd. Cumpston	Robt. Davis ⁵	John Arnold ⁶

⁴ Lieutenant-Colonel Read, owing to brain trouble, was retired in August, 1776.

⁵ These twelve officers were new men in the regiment.

⁶ Five sergeants of 1775 promoted; Miller, of Noble's company; Hall, of Dibble's; Johnson, of Sloan's; Hancock, of Wymans'; and Arnold, of Bliss's.

⁷ Walker, adjutant; Fitch, quartermaster.



Thomas Walker's house (1903) in Montreal,
where Dr. Franklin, Carroll and Chase lodged
in May, 1775.

APPENDIX B, PAGE 97

Colonel Thomas Walker¹ (uncle of John Greenwood) left Canada during the winter of 1775-6 in order to prefer certain charges against General Richard Prescott of the British army, then a prisoner of war; he hoped also to obtain from Congress some indemnity for the loss of his farm-house and potash factory at L'Assomption. Brigadier-General Wooster's note for \$400, loaned him by Walker "for the use of the Army," was taken up March 23, 1776, and paid in specie, and on the 28th his Memorial was presented and ordered to lie on the table. His grievances are amply set forth in a deposition, sworn to in Philadelphia on April 24. (Force's "American Archives," Series 4, Vol. IV, col. 1175-9.)

Mrs. Thomas Walker and Mrs. James Price set out from Montreal for Philadelphia May 11, 1776, under the escort of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, one of the three commissioners who had been appointed by Congress for visiting Canada and who had been lodged in Walker's house. "En route" between Albany and New York, to insure the comfort of the ladies, the doctor accepted the offer of General Schuyler's chariot. Colonel Walker and his wife lived subsequently in Boston while their children remained in Canada, though Judge James Walker visited his Yankee cousins before the close of the century.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives, April 27, 1777, chose Colonel Thomas Walker and Colonel Solomon Lovell to serve on the committee of Fortifications, in which choice the Council concurred. Some years later, in a letter of December 8, 1784, Walker's case was strongly recommended by Samuel Adams to

¹ Chief Justice William Hay says Walker was an Englishman by birth. There was another Thomas Walker who died in Montreal August 29, 1768, and was buried on the 30th.

Richard H. Lee, President of the Congress at Trenton. At the time of the colonel's death, which took place July 8, 1788, aged seventy years, a well-deserved tribute to his character and services appeared in the *Massachusetts Centinel* (Vol. IX, No. 34). His widow, together with Paul D. and Daniel Sargent, gave bonds on his (intestate) estate.

The widow, Martha Walker, under Acts of Congress passed April 7, 1798, and February 18, 1801, for the relief of the refugees from Canada and Nova Scotia during the Revolutionary War, became entitled to a grant for 2240 acres of land. She removed ultimately to Quebec and, living there with her daughter, Mrs. Jane Cox, and the Woolseys, died about 1825, aged over ninety years. Her portrait was in the possession of her grandson, Captain Edward Cox, of Kingsley, Canada, when he wrote me in 1861. A letter to Mr. John Greenwood, of New York, dated Dedham, Massachusetts, April, 1816, is preserved, in which his only sister, Mrs. Mary Gay, says: "If you go to Canada in July, pray enquire if Madam (Martha) Walker is still alive; she is Mother's sister; her son was Judge (James) Walker of Montreal,—he is dead. Uncle (Robert) Woolsey lives in Quebec."

The Petition for a General Assembly from the Province of Quebec to the King was signed in January, 1774, by Zach. Macaulay, head of the Quebec Committee; Thomas Walker, head of the Montreal Committee; Robert Woolsey, Richard Walker, James Price, Thomas Walker, Jr., and others.

CHILDREN

I. Thomas Walker, born circa 1751; petitions, Quebec, November 2, 1779, for license to practise law in any of the Courts of Record in the province; petitions, Montreal, June 12, 1780, for a commission of

attorney-at-law. When in the fall of 1787 inquiry was made, before the chief justice, into the conduct of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas both at Quebec and Montreal, the brothers Thomas and James Walker were among those examined. He married, first, a widow whose maiden name was Sayres; secondly, in November, 1782, at Montreal, Jane Finlay, probably a daughter of Hugh Finlay, the postmaster-general. His only daughter, Louisa Nash Walker, died, single, in 1854.

2. James Walker, born 1756; appointed in 1794 a judge of the King's Bench, district of Montreal. He applied for a grant of land in 1793, and afterward purchased the seigniory of St. Charles on the Chambly. He was twice married, the second time in April, 1782, to Margaret Hughes, daughter of Town Major James Hughes, who died September 11, 1785, aged eighty-seven years. James Walker died in Montreal, January 31, 1800, aged forty-four years, and was interred in the old Dorchester Street English burying-ground. His widow, on petition, received an annual pension of £120. He left three daughters:

i. Julian Walker, born May 13, baptized May 15, 1785, in Montreal; married, June, 1806, James Sutherland; married, second, December, 1811, Jean M. Mondelet, notary and member of Parliament, who died in 1840.

ii. Amelia Anne Walker, born 1787; married Captain Samuel Romilly, of the Royal Engineers; died June, 1824, and was buried near her father.

iii. Caroline Walker; married Lieutenant Thomas Marshall Harris, of the Royal Staff Corps, etc., son of Major-General John Harris, R.A.

3. Alexander Walker; captain in the 7th Royal Fusiliers, March 3, 1780; aide-de-camp in Canada to Prince Edward, afterward the Duke of Kent, colonel of the regiment; resigned about 1792 and next year

applied for a grant of land in Maddington and Hunterstown; died unmarried.

4. Anne Walker; brought up her orphan niece, Louisa N. Walker; died, single, in England, 1835.

5. Jane Walker, born 1764 or 1767; educated in England; returning during the war, the vessel was brought, a prize, into Boston; she married, 1784, at Quebec, Lieutenant (later Lieutenant-Colonel) William Cox, R.A., who died about 1810; she died in England about 1848, aged eighty-four years. Lieutenant W. Cox is called by General Haldimand, "son of the Governor of Gaspé," who was Captain Nicholas Cox, in 1753 of the 47th Foot, and, ten years later, Equerry of the Duke of Gloucester; he died, January 8, 1793, lieutenant-governor of Gaspé, and his widow, a Miss Wickham, of Newport, Rhode Island, received an annual pension of £100. Governor N. Cox was a grandson of Sir Richard Cox, knighted November 5, 1692, and afterward Baronet Cox of Dummanway and Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, 1703-7. Jane Walker left three children:

i. Frances Cox; married, first, Lieutenant-Colonel Hubert de Burgh, of the Bengal Cavalry; second, in 1835, Sir Frederick de Abbott, Knight, of the Bengal Engineers, knighted 1854, and living 1869, aged sixty-one years, a retired major-general of the East Indian Service, at Broom Hall, Shooter's Hill, Kent, England.

ii. —— Cox; married Lieutenant-Colonel Peter J. Willats of the 48th Foot.

iii. Edward Cox; entered army in 1804 as an ensign; retired about 1824, when captain in the 6th Foot (or 1st Warwickshire Regiment); was living, 1861, at Kingsey on the St. Francis River, some sixty-five miles north of east from Montreal. In December, 1909, two ladies, Miss —— Cox and her sister, Mrs. Ada Austin, widow, were living in Montreal at No. 400 Sherbrooke Street, the last of Captain Cox's family. Mrs. Austin

had a miniature portrait of her great-grandmother, Mrs. Martha (I'ans) Walker, and at that time portraits of Colonel Thomas Walker and his wife were in the Museum of the Château Ramezay, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Un